

Sixty-four Seal Hunters Perish in a Blizzard: Pictures.

# The Daily Mirror

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One Halfpenny.

PERSONAL PATIENT WHO DISLIKED HIS DOCTOR'S TROUSERS AND MOUSTACHE.



The doctor arriving at court.

Criticisms on a medical man's toilette were made in letters read in Mr. Justice Lush's court yesterday, when Dr. Vivian Francis Wall, of Piccadilly, sued Mr. Willie Gretor for £141 19s. fees. The defendant, counsel said, was a wealthy man who was, unfortunately, a victim of morphia. In one letter he wrote, "You do look ridiculous with your moustache, and you do not fold your trousers in the evening in such a way as to make them look neat in the morning."—(*Daily Mirror* photographs.)



The moustache which Mr. Gretor said was "ridiculous"—



—and the offending trousers.

MR. ASQUITH'S TRIUMPHAL PROGRESS: CHEERS ALL THE WAY FROM LONDON TO FIFE.



Outside King's Cross Station there was a big crowd, who gave him a great send-off.

With "Rule Britannia" ringing in his ears, Mr. Asquith left London yesterday for East Fife, where there is very little likelihood of his having to contest his seat. On the platform at King's Cross there was a big gathering of Ministers and M.P.s awaiting him, and when he made his appearance, accompanied by Mrs. Asquith and Miss



The arrival at King's Cross.

Asquith, the excited throng surged round their chief to shake him by the hand and to wish him the best of luck. They afterwards sang "Rule Britannia" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." At each of the stopping places there were similar scenes of enthusiasm, the Premier making a short speech from the carriage door.





The  
'Premier'  
Girl.

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## FIFE'S GREETING TO PREMIER.

Cheers and Slaps on Back for Mr. Asquith at Station.

### WOMAN'S JUMP.

Suffragette Tries to Board Train—Police Escort Motor.

"I really do not know what is going to happen to me in Fife."

With a twinkle in his eyes, Mr. Asquith made this little confession last night on his arrival in Scotland, where he is seeking re-election as member for East Fife on assuming the office of War Minister.

The Premier was in jovial mood. All the way from King's Cross to Edinburgh cheers, addresses of welcome, bouquets and gifts from Liberals had, wherever the express stopped, greeted Mr. Asquith. Strong police protection, owing to the presence of suffragettes, was provided for Mr. Asquith on his arrival last night at Cupar.

On the station platform was a squad of thirty police, and as the Premier and party motored to Kilmaron Castle, to stay with Sir James Low, a police escort travelled with the car.

There was one suffragette incident. A suffragette attempted to board Mr. Asquith's train as it was leaving Newcastle. She was seized by two constables, and all three fell together in a heap on the platform.

The woman, who gave the name of Elizabeth Fry, was partly stunned by the fall, but soon recovered and was released.

Scenes of enthusiasm unparalleled since the days when Mr. Gladstone went on political missions to Mid-Lothian marked the Premier's ten-hours' journey to Scotland.

Seldom have such scenes of wild enthusiasm occurred at King's Cross, where the Prime Minister joined the express to Scotland.

The platform was crowded with members of Parliament and prominent Liberals, while a huge crowd of people gathered outside the station to give him a hearty send-off.

At York Mrs. Asquith and Miss Asquith were presented with bouquets and chocolates. The novel gift of a box of gingerbreads was presented to the Premier at Grantham, and at Edinburgh a huge bouquet was presented to Mrs. Asquith by the wife of Mr. J. Falconer, M.P. for Forfarshire.

Mr. Asquith will deliver his first speech to-day at Ladybank.

### CROWD SLAPS PREMIER'S BACK.

There was a huge crowd of City-bound workers, who, pouring into King's Cross by local trains, stopped to cheer the Premier.

Mr. Asquith arrived in his motor-car just before ten o'clock. At once the crowd outside the station surged round, waving hats and cheering wildly.

Mr. Asquith, looking very well and cheerful, smiled with evident pleasure. He was accompanied by Mrs. Asquith, Miss Asquith, Master Antony Asquith, the Hon. E. S. Montagu and Mr. Illingworth, the Chief Liberal Whip.

To reach his compartment Mr. Asquith had to pass down a lane of cheering admirers, and those who were near enough patted and slapped him on the back and shook him by the hand.

During the interval of waiting Mr. and Mrs. Asquith stood at the carriage door while the crowd cheered and sang "For he's a jolly good fellow" and "Rule, Britannia!"

It was amid a great chorus of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," in which Mr. Churchill and Mr. McKenna and over 200 M.P.s vigorously joined, that the Premier's train moved out of the station.

In the train were several suffragettes. To prevent any demonstration the police at Grantham took the precaution of guarding the Premier's saloon during the short stop there.

At the Waverley Station, Edinburgh, there was a longer stay and 250 members of the Scottish Liberal Association greeted Mr. Asquith upon a reserved portion of the platform. Replying to an address, Mr. Asquith said:

"I have been somewhat diverted as I came along by reading what my friends who are in political opposition to me are going to do. I gather that after some hesitation and much deliberation they have provisionally, at any rate, come to the conclusion that I am to have a conditional walk-over—conditional, that is, upon my being upon my best behaviour during the next two or three days. (Laughter.)"

"Gentlemen, this is very alarming, and I can only say that if they think that either hope or fear of what they are going to do or not going to do will have any effect whatsoever upon what I say or upon what I do, then it is a high time that they disabused themselves of that impression. (Cheers.)"

### SIR A. PAGET'S WARNING.

"Moving troops would possibly precipitate a crisis," was a point made in General Sir Arthur Paget's reply to the letter of the Army Council, dated March 14 last.

It was printed yesterday in the parliamentary papers, and was called for by Lord Charles Beresford in a question put to Mr. McKenna, who stated that the letter pointed out that there were guards at Enniskillen and Carrickfergus, and that steps were being taken to remove arms and ammunition from Armagh and Omagh.

The letter adds:

"It would be preferable, from the point of view of safety, only to provide guards at once for Armagh and Omagh, from the infantry battalion at Mullinger, and to evacuate the recruits at these places. But in the present state of the country I am of opinion that the removal of troops would create intense excitement in Ulster, and possibly precipitate a crisis."

For these reasons I do not consider myself justified in moving troops at the present time.

## GINGERBREADS FOR THE PREMIER.



Mr. Asquith addressing the deputation of Liberals who presented him with an address and a box of Grantham gingerbreads. Mrs. Asquith and Miss Asquith are looking out of the carriage window.

## THE COAL STRIKE IN YORKSHIRE.



A family searching for coal in a refuse heap near a colliery at Rotherham. The colliers are on strike, and a good deal of distress already prevails in the district. About 150,000 are affected by the stoppage in the county.

## TO HEAR OURSELVES AS OTHERS HEAR US.



Few singers know what their voices sound like to the audience. Perhaps some of them would retire from the platform if they did. This is the "Crittphone," which enables the performer to realise what his singing sounds like to the listeners.

## DISLIKED DOCTOR'S MOUSTACHE.

Strange Criticisms by Wealthy Patient Sued for Fees.

### DISPLEASING TROUSERS.

You really do look ridiculous with your moustache and you do not fold your trousers in the evening in such a way as to make them look neat in the morning.

This quaint criticism of a doctor written in a letter to him by his patient was read in a remarkable action before Mr. Justice Lush yesterday.

The plaintiff was Dr. Vivian Francis Wall, of Piccadilly and South Eaton-place, W. He sued for £141, fees alleged to be due by Mr. Willie Gretor, of St. James's-place, Piccadilly.

Mr. Gretor was said to be a man earning £15,000 a year and to be a victim of the drug habit. His visits to Paris and Harrogate with Dr. Wall were narrated in evidence and the method of curing drug maniacs was discussed.

In order that Mr. Gretor, who is seriously ill in Paris, might be able to attend, the case was adjourned till April 25 on the condition that he paid £40 into court and the costs.

### 'RIDICULOUS WITH YOUR MOUSTACHE.'

Mr. Ralph Banks, K.C., opening the case for Dr. Wall, said that Mr. Gretor was a gentleman who lived in considerable style in the West End. He was a victim of the morphia habit, and was a tiresome patient. Occasionally Dr. Wall had to attend him in the middle of the night.

Last July there was a rupture between Dr. Wall and Mr. Gretor. It took place because Mr. Gretor made offensive remarks about Dr. Wall's moustache and trousers.

Counsel read a letter that Dr. Wall wrote on the subject:—

Dear Mr. Gretor, I left your rooms this morning apparently calm, but inwardly angry with you.

You were terribly rude to me, first, in discussing my clothing at all; secondly, in discussing before any employee, and, thirdly, in giving me the lie direct.

No gentleman would tolerate such interference, and I do not intend to do so. I have previously overlooked such unnecessary attacks from you on my appearance in the presence of persons of a lower grade of society—e.g., your objection to the way in which I wear my moustache.

Not one of my patients has ever discussed me in the irritating way you have let alone before me. Consequently, I advise you to call in another doctor.

"EQUAL TO A KING."

Mr. Gretor wrote in reply:—

We are in a state of war. Allow me to tell you that you have never met people at my table inferior to you or to me.

I must positively object to the ridiculous distinctions of caste. To our days I am sure each honest man is equal to a king, barring his pig.

But all this does not alter the fact that you really do look ridiculous with your moustache, and that you do not fold your trousers in the evening in such a way as to make them look neat in the morning.

In another letter Mr. Gretor said:—

Now, if you think to be chafed about your trousers and moustache is a sufficiently important reason to break from a man who has always shown himself your friend, suit yourself.

But I beg to draw your attention to the paltry reasons which aroused your irritability, reasons which would scarcely be approved by your brother doctors.

The Court was informed that the defence to the claim for £141 19s. was that the charges were excessive.

Giving evidence, Dr. Wall, who wears his moustache waxed, said that he had known Mr. Gretor some time before he became his medical attendant.

Witness told him that his ordinary charge was a guinea, but that he charged more for special attendances of more than thirty or forty minutes. He charged two guineas for night visits.

The witness told counsel that Mr. Gretor, in addition to private means, earned as a rule £15,000 a year. He had just been lucky before the bill was sent in, and had made £18,000 during that year.

### THE MORPHIA HABIT.

Dr. Wall went on to say that persons suffering from the morphia habit have a horror of being alone. They are alternately excited and depressed.

Mr. Schwabe, K.C., cross-examining the doctor, asked him whether he considered that he was medically attending Mr. Gretor when he lunched with him.

The reply was that the lunch was an incident in the visit.

When you and your wife dined with Mr. Gretor at the Carlton Hotel what was charged for?

Counsel pointed out that on the day of the Carlton dinner Dr. Wall charged for attendance from 8 to 11.30, and asked, "Did you go back to his rooms and attend him?"

"I can't remember," said Dr. Wall.

The judge asked what the witness was doing with regard to the drug habit. The doctor replied that he was trying to reduce the amount of the drug.

Counsel pointed out that in one week there were two lunches, a dinner at the Carlton, and an occasion when the doctor's portrait was taken. These were reckoned as attendances.

The witness said that he wished to get away from Mr. Gretor's hospitality to do other work. He went to lunch very much against his will.

Counsel: Was not the cooking good? (Laughter.)

Mr. Schwabe asked if the witness considered his attendances on Mr. Gretor necessary.

The judge: Doctors often attend people quite properly when it is not necessary.

The Witness: I told him it was not necessary.

Counsel: Was he continually entertaining you?

No.

A visit to Paris was mentioned. Mr. Gretor took Dr. Wall with him and paid all expenses.

The doctor said that as expenses were being paid he charged ordinary rates, a guinea a day.

(Continued on page 4.)



## DOCTOR AND CURE OF DRUG VICTIMS.

Witness Explains Method of Dealing with Morphia Maniacs.

## FEES FOR MILLIONAIRES.

(Continued from page 3.)

He denied that he received £8 in cash from Mr. Grotor in Paris. He had put his other patients off.

Counsel: I put it to you, he did you exceedingly well in Paris—I was attending him.

The visit to Paris extended from April 29 until May 3, "the best time for Paris," counsel remarked.

There was also a visit to Harrogate. On this occasion a guinea a day was charged, and counsel suggested that Dr. Wall was taken as a guest.

The witness was then asked whether he had received a large number of presents from Mr. Grotor—"Not a large number—one or two," he replied.

Examined, the witness, who had said that there was no cure for the morphia habit, explained that he could alleviate the symptoms.

The Judge at this point remarked that it did not seem likely that a patient who asked his doctor to dinner would expect to be charged.

Dr. E. N. Niall, of Arlington-street, gave evidence to the effect that the charges made by Dr. Wall were reasonable and usual for that part of the West End.

Counsel: Is there any cure for the morphia trouble?—You can by moral suasion reduce the amount of the doses, and thus break off the habit.

## FEES FOR MILLIONAIRES.

Dr. Wall, recalled, said that Mr. Grotor took morphia every day. He injected it in the witness's presence.

The Judge: Did you succeed in reducing the...

Dr. A. S. Woodwork, of Queen Anne-street, Cavendish-square, said that the treatment of morphia maniacs was to get to know them thoroughly, and to obtain control of their minds.

To do this it was necessary for the doctor to spend long periods with them.

It was necessary for the patient to have morphia every day because of the depression that was produced. The doses were gradually reduced, and sometimes another drug was substituted.

Speaking of the fees charged, the witness said that he himself charged hospital patients nothing. The fees for millionaires were considerably high.

Counsel: How much does a millionaire pay?—There is no fixed tariff. (Laughter.)

Mr. Schwabe asked for an adjournment so that Mr. Grotor, who, he said, was seriously ill in Paris, might attend to give evidence.

The Judge asked how much Dr. Wall had been paid. He was told £97. The £141 claimed was the balance of the account.

An adjournment until next term was granted on condition that £40 of the claim was paid to Dr. Wall.

## "A WICKED JOKE."

SCARBOROUGH, April 3.—Mr. H. Windsor, chief constable of Scarborough, yesterday made a statement with regard to Miss Gertrude Margaret Hopper, aged twenty-four, daughter of Mr. W. W. Hopper, a Scarborough tradesman, who on Wednesday told a sensational story of being attacked in a train.

The chief constable said he saw Miss Hopper last night and placed before her the impossibility of certain statements she had made, and she admitted to him that her statements as to the alleged outrage were quite untrue.

The chief constable added: "I told her it must have been made through one of three things: either by an irresponsible person, or it was a wicked joke, or an attempted suicide."

In reply Miss Hopper said: "I certainly did not do it with the intention of committing suicide, and I am not a lunatic."

"It must therefore," said the chief constable, "be put down as a wicked joke."

## DRAMA OF SHOTS—TWO DEAD.

STAFFORD was the scene of a terrible shooting tragedy early yesterday morning, when a mother and daughter were shot dead in their bedrooms and an adopted daughter seriously wounded.

It is alleged that the husband, who has been out of employment, shot his wife in one bedroom and proceeded to the room where the two daughters were in bed and fired at them.

The adopted daughter was able to crawl downstairs on hearing her father leave the house and alarm the neighbours.

She was removed to the infirmary.

The man, who was arrested, had written letters containing directions in the event of his own death.

## THE KING'S THREE DAYS IN PARIS

The programme for the visit of the King and Queen to Paris is complete, and the following is the diary of events:—

APRIL 21.  
Leave Victoria (South-Eastern and Chatham Railway) Station 8.40 a.m.

Arrive in Paris 10 a.m.  
Drive to the Quai d'Orsay, where they will stay during their visit.

State banquet at the Elisee.

APRIL 22.  
Review of the French Army.  
Dinner at the British Embassy to the President.  
Gala performance at the Opera.

APRIL 23.  
Race meeting at Antwerp for Foreign Affairs.  
Dinner with the Minister for Foreign Affairs.  
The King and Queen return to London on April 24, arriving in the evening.

## LAST JEST BEFORE DEATH

Friend's Story of Interview—Open Verdict Returned in Welsh Mystery.

The jury at the inquest at Newtown yesterday on the exhumed body of the farmer, Thomas Roberts, found that death was due to strychnine, but that the evidence was not sufficient to prove how or by whom the poison was administered.

Roberts died suddenly in his garden at Carno on December 1. Before being sworn Mr. Evan Morgan, a friend of deceased, was cautioned by the coroner.

Morgan described an interview he had with Roberts, and said he found him working in his garden. Roberts said: "We will have a drop of whisky."

Morgan poured out a glass of whisky, adding sugar and hot water. He then said: "I will leave mine till I go to bed."

Witness said, "Take a drop of whisky now," and Roberts poured out a glass for himself.

"After this conversation," continued witness, "I left. My whisky was finished, but there was more than two-thirds of the whisky left in Roberts's glass. As I left he made a joke by putting his finger in the glass to cool the whisky."

Morgan said he went slowly home. Ten minutes after he got home, and about an hour after he left Roberts, a message came that Roberts was dead.

When Morgan left the court he was wildly cheered by a great crowd.

## HARVEST OF DEATH.

Sixty-Five Perish in Sealing Disaster—The King's Message of Sympathy.

ST. JOHN'S (Newfoundland), April 3.—The latest message from the Bellaventure says:—

"I have on board thirty-four survivors, five being serious cases. I have also aboard fifty-eight dead."

Reports from the steamer Newfoundland, through the Florizel and the Stephano, which are nearer her than I am, say she is not yet certain how many men she had on the ice when the blizzard began. They report having aboard seven dead and two alive.

"My ship was ramming for nine hours where the exhausted men were,"—Reuter.

The number of dead, so far as can be at present stated with certainty, is sixty-five—fifty-eight on the Bellaventure and the seven reported dead by the Newfoundland. Twenty are stated by the Central News to be missing.

ST. JOHN'S (Newfoundland), April 3.—The Newfoundland's crew, numbering 120, with the crews of other vessels of the fleet, were away on the ice hunting seals when the storm began.

All the crews, with the exception of the Newfoundland's men, managed to regain their ships.

The crew of the Newfoundland were working on an icefield, which separated from the main body.

Fears are entertained that the sealing ship Southern Star went down with all on board during the blizzard. She carried a crew of 170 men.

The Bellaventure and Stephano, fast and powerful steamers, daringly forced their way through the ice before the blizzard ceased, and effected some heroic rescues.—Central News.

The King sent the following message yesterday:—

To the Governor, St. John's, Newfoundland.  
I have received with profound regret the news of the terrible calamity which has befallen the crew of the steamer Newfoundland, and I deeply deplore the great suffering and loss of life involved, and wish to offer our sincere sympathy with the families of those who have perished.

GEORGE R.I.  
(Photographs on page 10).

## SUBMARINE IN PERIL.

An alarming mishap, it was reported yesterday, befell submarine C 2 off Harwich on Thursday morning.

The vessel had gone through the exercise of attacking the Sunk Lightship, and on rising to the surface her commander, Lieutenant Shove, found that he was immediately beneath the parent ship, H.M.S. Hebe.

He attempted to manoeuvre between the Hebe and the Fairy, but the propeller of the Hebe caught the submarine, tearing away the periscope and part of the conning tower.

The impact threw every man of the crew of fourteen on to the deck, and nearly all received bruises. Only the coolness of the officers and the men under them averted serious consequences.

## TO OPOSE WOMEN SOLICITORS.

Will women be admitted as solicitors?

At a special meeting of the members of the Law Society in Chancery-lane yesterday a motion on the agenda to the effect that the society would welcome the removal of any existing disabilities which prevented women being admitted as solicitors was withdrawn.

Mr. Brinsley Harper asked what action the council were going to take on the admission of women solicitors, and the president replied that the council intended to oppose the Bill on the second reading.

## A CHILD PAVLOVA?

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

PARIS, April 3.—Miss June, the thirteen-year-old daughter of an Englishman, and a favourite pupil of Mme. Pavlova, appeared in "The Death of the Swan" last night at the Folies Bergeres.

She scored a great success, and was recalled several times. By the Press she is hailed as "la nouvelle étoile" (the new star), little Miss June.

## LARDER CAPTIVE.

Suffragette's Appeal to Caretaker Not to Shoot Her.

## MANSION FIRE PLOT.

A remarkable story of a suffragette being found in the larder at a mansion, of shots by the caretaker to summon assistance, and of the discovery later of firelighters, a five-chambered revolver and postcard messages in the grounds, was reported last night from Glasgow.

The house in question was Springhall, a large mansion six miles from Glasgow, which belonged to the late Dr. Adam Paterson, a writer, of Glasgow, and has been tenanted since November last.

It appears that early yesterday morning the caretaker, a man named Thomas Leslie, was aroused by a peculiar noise. Picking up a loaded revolver, he went to the larder from which the sounds came, and found a woman standing there.

Leslie fired two shots in the air to attract police attention, and then seized the woman, who, in a terrified state, exclaimed that she would do no harm if only he would not shoot her.

After locking the woman in the kitchen, Leslie telephoned for the police, who arrested the woman. As the police entered they saw several persons scurrying from the estate.

On the estate near the house were found:—

Ten large firelighters, three flasks of paraffin oil, an electric torch, a pocket-knife, 14lb. of coal in handbag, two boxes of vetex, a roll of cotton-wool, a five-chambered revolver loaded with blank cartridge, a map of the Glasgow district, a bottle of perfume, overcoats and water-pool, a man's cap.

At another part of the estate postcards were picked up bearing the following messages:—

To Mr. McKenna, torturer-in-chief.—One result of Mrs. Pankhurst's arrest. From one who was constitutional, now militant.

Militant women sent a message to their new Minister of War. Wait and see result of coercion and torture.

## THANKS FOR JUMBO.

The Zoological Society of London.  
Regent's Park, London, N.W.  
April 27 1914

I am directed to express your thanks of the Zoological Society for your present of

Indian Elephants &c.  
Elephas indicus

which Annex has received and deposited in the Menagerie

Your obedient Servant,  
P. CHALMERS MITCHELL  
Secretary.

Professor P. Chalmers Mitchell acknowledges the gift by The Daisy Merritt of Baby Jumbo and Baby Jimbo to the Zoological Gardens.

## TAPS HEARD FROM A COFFIN.

PARIS, April 3.—The inhabitants of the village of La Garde, in the Department of Ariège, recently became greatly agitated by persistent reports that a retired Toulouse police official, named Carol, who died on March 22, had been buried alive.

The authorities ordered an investigation, which established that the sexton, while filling in the grave, had been startled by tappings from the coffin.

The family of the supposed dead man was then summoned, but after waiting a long time without any repetition of the tapping the brother-in-law said that it was the sexton's imagination.

He ordered the grave to be filled up, which was done. Nevertheless, to allay the public uneasiness, an exhumation and autopsy of the body have been ordered.—Reuter.

## VILLA'S COSTLY TRIUMPH.

JUAREZ, April 3.—General Carranza announces that Torreon fell completely into the hands of the rebels at 10.20 last evening.

General Villa's message to General Carranza announcing the victory ran as follows:—

At this moment the remnants of the Federal Army are leaving Torreon in flight after eleven days of terrible fighting, fifty of the combatants lost 1,500 wounded and 500 killed. While the Federalists, reckoning by the enormous number of bodies buried, must have had over 1,000 killed. I am unable to estimate their wounds.

After this message had been communicated to the public Juarez was illuminated and the garrison paraded.—Reuter.

## VISCOUNT'S OFFER IN A DISPUTE.

Steps of a drastic character are said to be in contemplation by the trade union concerned in the London building dispute. Viscount Peel, chairman of the London County Council, has offered to act as mediator, but neither side has yet intimated acceptance of his services.

The London firm of Breitmeier and Company are reported, says the Central News, to have purchased German South African diamonds to the amount of half a million carats at 46s. per carat, the total price being £1,150,000.

## AUDIENCE OF 1,000,000.

Women's Part in To-day's Ulster Demonstration in Hyde Park.

An impressive feature of the Unionist demonstration which will be held in Hyde Park to-day to protest against the coercion of Ulster will be the part played by women.

One woman, with her daughter, has made a special journey from Nice in order to be present in the Park.

A procession from the Ladies' Imperial Club in Dover-street has been arranged. Everyone will wear a red, white and blue scarf and a badge, and flags will be carried.

In all, twenty-one processions, each containing thousands of men and women, will march on Hyde Park, and upwards of 200 members of the Carlton Club will, it is announced, join one of the processions.

The times and meeting-places of the principal processions are:—

Paddington Station (Green-road) ..... 3.45 p.m.  
Euston Station (Knightsbridge) ..... 3.0  
Charing Cross Station (Embankment) ..... 3.30  
Vauxhall Station (Wandsworth-road) ..... 3.15

Scattered over a large area in the Park will be fourteen platforms, with more than fifty speakers, including many Front Bench Unionists in Lords and Commons. Speeches will begin at 4.30 and the following resolution will be put:—

We protest against the use of the Navy and the Army to drive out of our country our fellow-subjects in Ireland from their full heritage in the Parliament of the United Kingdom.

And we demand that the Government shall immediately submit this grave issue to the people.

It is expected that fully 1,000,000 people will be assembled in the Park.

## SIX YEARS FOR SPY.

Secret Document Handed to Judge in Navy Espionage Case.

You have laid yourself out so far as possible to seduce from their allegiance officers of the state, drawing upon their inexperience and endeavouring to induce them to betray through your own country.

The sentence upon you is that you go to penal servitude for six years, and in addition to that sentence, you are recommended for deportation at the end of your sentence.

Thus spoke Mr. Justice Atkin at the Old Bailey yesterday to Frederick Gould, a German, who pleaded guilty to

voluntarily obtaining certain plans and other documents calculated and intended to be useful to an enemy.

The documents subject of the charge mainly related to Navy secrets.

Gould, a spy, who was similarly indicted, pleaded not guilty, and the Crown withdrew the case against her. She was then discharged.

The Attorney-General said the male prisoner's real name was Schroder. From 1908 to 1913 he was licensee of a public-house in High-street, Rochester—a house much frequented by naval and military people.

On February 22 the woman was seen getting into an Ostend boat train at Charing Cross Station. She was spoken to by the police, and in the compartment which she occupied there were found three envelopes.

One contained a chart and a confidential gunnery book, the second contained a plan of a German cruiser and an engine-room of one of His Majesty's ships, and the third was one of the Admiralty charts of some place abroad.

On that afternoon the police went to their house at Wandsworth, and found, amongst other things, "this remarkable document."

The Attorney-General here handed a document to the Judge, and continued:—"I do not think it is in the public interest that one should read the document in detail. If you examine it you will see with what minuteness and precision the man was invited to pursue his inquiries."

(Photograph on page 16.)

## WIFE WHO THOUGHT SHE WAS A NUN

A case in which a wife was said to have thought herself a nun came before the Divorce Court yesterday, when a decree nisi, with costs, was granted to William Thomas Thorburn, of Leamington, on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife with the co-respondent Mr. George Gall, damages being assessed at £200.

The husband's case was that he married in 1905 and lived happily with his wife until last spring. She then commenced to stray out late at night, and when asked about it would say she had been walking with "Cousin Phil."

The defence was that the respondent had had some mental trouble, the charge of misconduct being denied. Mrs. Thorburn, it was suggested, had a mental breakdown in 1912, when she thought, amongst other things, that she was a nun.

## BLACKS KILL MISSION PRIESTS.

PERTH (Western Australia), April 3.—It is reported that blacks have destroyed the Drysdale River Mission and murdered two nuns, six of the lay brethren, and a number of half-castes.

The police are investigating the affair.—Reuter.

## THE WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-end is:—Mild but cloudy at times in the south and east, occasional rain in the west and north; mild south-westerly winds.

Saturday. Sunday.  
Lightning-sun time..... 7.35 p.m. 7.36 p.m.  
High-water at Leamington..... 7.31 p.m. 8.12 a.m.  
London observations, Holborn Circus, City, 6 p.m.: Barometrical pressure, rising slowly; temperature, 55 deg.; wind, variable and light; weather, fine and sunny to hazy.

Sea passage will be smooth to moderate in the south and east and rough in the west.



# THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP



General Sir C. Douglas.

**General Sir Charles.** Douglas is expected to succeed Field-Marshal Sir John French as Chief of the Imperial General Staff. He first saw field service in Afghanistan, and was in the memorable march under Lord Roberts to Kandahar.

Sir Charles is a great believer in cycle corps, and on one occasion at Aldershot organised some cyclist manoeuvres.

## Tintack Tactics.

He arrived at one position to find a troop of men calmly sitting beside a bank watching an opposing force of wheelers approaching them. He called the attention of the subaltern in command to the fact that he was in danger of being cut off from his main army.

"Don't you worry, sir," came the reply. "I have peppered that road with sixpenny-worth of tin tacks. Wait till they get off to repair their punctures, and see me round the whole of them up in next to no time!"

## Tasty Seal Meat.

Talking of the Newfoundland sealing disaster, a friend who has had some experience in seal hunting round the Labrador coasts tells me that the animals make very good eating when the fat or blubber is removed.

The Newfoundland fishermen like them so much that they will often eat them raw.

The seal fishery, as it is called, opens in the middle of March and lasts only for a few weeks. This period always falls in Lent, and most of the fishermen are good Roman Catholics, who deny themselves meat during that period of fast, but they are not deprived of their favourite seal meat, for the Roman Church considers the seal as a fish.

Cynics say if it did not, Newfoundlanders would leave the Church.

## "Sculping a Swile."

The Newfoundland has his own language of seal fishing. The seal is a "swile"; to skin one is to "sculp" it.

Atlantic seals are not fur-bearing, as most people suppose. They have a tough hide that makes a strong and durable leather.

Thousands are killed in the course of the short season, and the fishermen, three of four hundred of whom will crowd into one small ship, are fined five cents for each hole in the skins they secure. Therefore the seal is killed carefully, generally with a blow on the head from a club.

## A Bloodthirsty Business.

Seal-killing is a bloodthirsty occupation. The killing season corresponds with the breeding season, for then it is easy to get at the animals in numbers together.

Little white baby seals are born on the ice floes, and are attended with the greatest fidelity by their parents.

Often a baby seal will drift miles away on a floating ice floe while its mother is away fishing, but the instinct of the parent never fails. They always find their own babies—and too often a violent death—on their return.

## No Small Potatoes.

An Easterner who had bought a farm in California had heard of his neighbour's talent for raising large potatoes, so sent his farmhand over to get a hundred pounds.

"You go back home," answered the talented farmer to the messenger, "and tell your boss that I won't cut a potato for anyone!"

## Spying Doesn't Pay.

Spying, I have always thought, is a much overrated occupation. The unfortunate German who is just beginning a six years' sentence for prying into English affairs would probably agree with me.

Only the very young can see anything romantic about the spy. Years ago in Paris I knew two German students who were risking their liberty at the game of secret service.

They never found out anything of importance. I am sure, but they used to write voluminous reports to Berlin on overheard cafe conversations, in return for which they received something under £5 a year.

## Never Say "Ja."

But these young men thoroughly enjoyed the romance. When they met at a restaurant or cafe they never used the word "Ja," but always the English equivalent, "Yes."

"Ja," they said, was the only German word a Frenchman knew. They could carry on all their conversation in their native tongue without attracting notice so long as they avoided "Ja." So they said "Yes," and were mistaken for Englishmen.

## The Campaign for the Blind.

Miss Pauline Chase has evolved a great scheme to help the funds of the National Institute for the Blind. She has written to the honorary treasurer:—

"Of course, I love your scheme, and I have thought of a way in which surely a million pounds at least would be subscribed to it."

"The Government do not need to vote any money; all they have to do is to fix a time when every person in the British Isles who can see must bandage his eyes for an hour and think about the blind."

"Then, when the bandages were removed, don't you think that in pity or thankfulness they would subscribe the million?"

## Why He Wears Glasses.

M. Maurice Donnay, the popular novelist, told a fashionable audience at the Société des Conférences in Paris the other day how he came to wear his glasses when lecturing.

When he made his debut on the platform he felt so awkward and shy that he kept his pincez in his pocket, not daring to put them on. But his eyes are somewhat weak, and he could not see the people in front of him. "I felt so lonely and so bored," he said, "that I had to bring out my glasses. Then my shyness vanished, and I amused myself as much as anyone."



Miss Pauline Chase.

## Doesn't Worry Sir Arthur.

French critics are accusing Sir Arthur Conan Doyle of plagiarism in their notices of "La Force Mysterieuse," by Rosny Aîné, which has just been published.

The story has been appearing in serial form, and the Frenchmen say that Conan Doyle's "The Poison Belt" was, to say the least, "inspired" by the first few instalments, for the subject of both books is remarkably alike.

But Sir Arthur is not worrying. I spoke to him on the telephone yesterday. He is by no means distressed. Plagiarism is always being alleged against somebody, he says, and it is not even worth while to deny it; and, incidentally, until I told him of M. Rosny's book Sir Arthur had never heard of it.

## Do You Ever Want to Go Wild?

What is the best way to go wild? Everyone feels this primal instinct rising at some time or another, and I know a man who has worked out his programme for running amok to an exact point.

He is really a most influential, quiet, rate-paying citizen, with large cares and responsibilities and an honoured name, but one day, he says, he knows he will have to go wild, and this is what he is going to do.

## Wants to Kick a Tray Over.

He is going to select a big restaurant, or, for choice, a public banquet, and, picking out the most pompous-looking man in the room—he hopes for a traditional provincial alderman—he will walk up to him and quietly empty a soup tureen over his head.

Another staid and worthy professional man I know admits that he longs to kick over one of those trays of studs and trinkets that street-sellers carry in front of them.

A third would-be wild man is ever tempted at the sight of a box of eggs outside a grocer's shop to push into it a passing inoffensive pedestrian.

There must be many other good ways of working off the wild spirit if one only knew.

## To-day's Grumble.

Mr. Frank Richardson sent me a characteristic grumble yesterday. He says he has lived in vain, but we must not take Mr. Richardson too seriously.

"I have devoted the best part of my life to the anti-whisker campaign," he writes, "and now I find that Mr. George R. Sims has solidified 'Tatcho' into a form of greenish petroleum jelly for promoting the growth of whiskers."

"Whiskers are within the reach of all—and I have lived in vain!"

## Sprung Further.

Mr. Walter Emanuel tells me that he is responsible for the story "Sprung Further," that I published a few days ago. The little girl's essay, he says, was first printed in his book "People," of which, he says, a new edition is to be published.



Mr. Frank Richardson.

## Actor-Parson.

An actor-parson is holding the Good Friday services at the London Pavilion, Piccadilly-circus, this year. He is the Rev. Everard Digby, vicar of St. Agatha's, Shore-ditch.

Mr. Digby says he always feels more at home on the stage than in the pulpit, for he was an actor for over ten years, and has only been a parson for six.

His last part before he took orders was in Judge Parry's play, "What the Butler Saw," in which Mr. Digby created the character of the Professor, but since then he has returned to the stage. He appeared at the Oxford Music-Hall last year in a benefit performance for Charles Coburn.

## Philosophy.

The little man in the omnibus was explaining to a man from the country the sights as we passed them.

At Trafalgar-square he said, "This is where all them meetings is held. I wonder what them lions would say if they could talk."

At the Law Courts he said, "This is where, if you ever go inside you had better keep quiet. If you laugh when you shouldn't you get turned out, and if you don't laugh when they think you should you get turned out; so it is best to keep outside if you can."

"Bloomin' philosopher, I calls 'im," murmured the conductor as I passed out.

## A "Ruritanian" Prince.

One of the most interesting events of the parliamentary week has been the maiden speech of Mr. Yeo, the member who recently succeeded Sir Sydney Buxton in the representation of Poplar. Mr. Yeo is a little man with a mop of white hair, a pair of sparkling eyes, a breezy manner and an enormous moustache. He has been likened to a musical comedy "Ruritanian" Crown Prince. The description is perfect.

## Moustached M.P.s.

Seldom has a man with such a big moustache sat on the green benches of the Popular Chamber. Possibly Sir Robert Hermon-Hodge, the ex-M.P. for Croydon, might have "out-moustached" the merry little man from Poplar, but Sir Robert has a very small face, and this accentuates his hirsute adornment.

## The Silent Bombardier.

At the present moment there appears to be something like mystery surrounding those responsible for the management of our boxing champion, Bombardier Wells.

Mr. Dick Burge has offered Wells a purse of £2,000 to meet Gunboat Smith, and a purse of £800 to meet Jim Savage, the American, who is now in London waiting for the contest. Although there is every reason to believe that Wells is anxious for these matches—and his many friends believe he would win both and climb right to the top of the tree—his managers maintain an unbroken silence.

The sporting public is naturally astonished at such offers being ignored. Personally I do not think such a policy of silence is in Wells's best interests. THE RAMBLER.

## "DUAL DRESSING" MODES

Women Who Choose Clothes in Order to Appear as Replica of "Dearest Friend."

Two women dressed exactly alike may be seen any day now in the streets of London.

This "dual-dressing" is becoming very popular. Yesterday *The Daily Mirror* saw, for instance, two well-dressed French women who wore navy blue costumes, black tregal straw hats trimmed with ostrich feathers, and amber necklaces identical in every detail.

Two other followers of "dual-dressing" wore black costumes, white "little boy" collars, purple stockings and shoes and purple hats.

"Why do women take pleasure in dressing alike?" is the question raised by a correspondent. One explanation given to *The Daily Mirror* by a West London modiste is that "when two women are devotedly attached to one another they each like, or pretend to like, the same clothes. Therefore if they are all of the same type they both buy similar costumes."

"Blouses, often made in their own homes when they are sitting side by side, must be of the same cut. Hats, too, must have the same features. Women are confirmed copyists with regard to dress. If it were not there would not be such a thing as fashion at all, for every woman would dress according to her own ideas."

"It is not to be wondered at that a woman acquires the taste of her dearest friend as being as near perfection as possible."

## SCREAMS, THEN SILENCE.

Landlady's Story at Inquest on Child Found Buried on Heath.

A story of a fall, shrill screams and then silence was told at the resumed inquest yesterday at St. Pancras on the three-months-old child whose body was found buried under a tree on Hampstead Heath.

The baby was the daughter of Sarah Childs, of Hawley-crescent, Kentish Town, who, with Archibald Cameron, a labourer, is under remand on a charge of being concerned in the child's death. Mrs. Hughes, at whose house Mrs. Childs lodged, said that the latter and Cameron entered their room at about eleven o'clock, and immediately there was the sound of a fall. The baby uttered a shrill scream, and suddenly became quiet.

On the following Monday Mrs. Childs told witness she had lost her baby and had been to Hampstead to try and find the child.

Dr. Spilsbury was shown two irons which had been found in the room, and he agreed that the injuries to the child might well have been caused by either.

Mrs. Childs refused to give evidence, except to say that her husband was a carman, but Cameron repeated the story that he found the child dead on the woman's breast.

The jury returned a verdict of Death from fracture of the skull, and said there was not sufficient evidence to show how the injury was caused.

Queen Mary sent £50 yesterday to the Lord Mayor of London for the fund he has opened on behalf of the National Institute for the Blind.

## ICE-CREAM APRIL.

Rush of Orders for Summer Shirts and Ties Caused by Warm Weather.

Will April continue to smile during the week-end?

In anticipation of fine, sunny weather, thousands of Londoners have planned week-end excursions to the country and seaside.

Hundreds of people have arranged boating and picnic parties "up river," while motorists of all grades will be "on the road"—if the weather is fine.

Light breezes; fine and sunny; temperature above normal—that is what one weather expert forecasted yesterday for to-day and to-morrow.

Another gloriously sunny day yesterday made the third almost perfect day of the present month. Here are the shade temperatures registered by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra:

9 a.m.	2 p.m.	6 p.m.
48	67	66

The maximum solar temperature was 88. Ice-cream vendors had a big sale in the London streets yesterday, while fruiterers were busier than usual.

The sunny, warm weather of the past week has given a spirited fillip to the businesses of shirt-makers and tailors. They are working overtime on Easter orders, and the sudden advent of summer-like weather created an immediate demand for "summery" shirts and ties.

"Young men," said a West End shirtmaker, "do not and cannot be expected to buy bright shirts and ties when the weather is dull."

## CHOCOLATE MUNCHERS.

Boom in Sweetmeat That Is Found in the Mouth of Everybody.

The Easter trade in chocolate has begun with extraordinary briskness.

Everybody is just now munching the popular sweetmeat as a form of dessert or as a substitute for the knife-and-fork repast delayed by press of work.

It was only a night or two ago that *The Daily Mirror* saw a Cabinet Minister eating with evident relish a cake of "Mexican" at a theatre.

The greatest demand for chocolate comes from the cotton mills. One wholesale confectioner alone recently supplied seven tons of chocolate to a mill in Bradford.

Chocolate trading by employees in mills and factories formed the topic of an important discussion at a recent meeting of the Bradford Wholesale Sugar Confectioners' Association.

The Bradford Easter chocolate clubs are formed in the mills, and in one case last Easter a profit of no less than £415 was made.

This state of affairs drew, according to the Confectioners' Union's report of the meeting, a strong protest from one of the speakers.

"It was entirely unfair," said this speaker, "to take the bread out of the mouths of legitimate traders, who had shop rents and rates to pay."

On Page 12—Our Children's Saturday Corner and Cheerful Bedrooms in the Home Artistic.





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A Mother's Testimony: Mrs. J. Kain, 6, Rockingham Road, Doncaster, writes: "Do — ADVISED ME TO GIVE MY TWIN BOYS OF SIX WEEKS OLD YOUR NEAVE'S FOOD. I have reason to be grateful to my Doctor for his advice, because I have never lost a night's rest with any of my children, and they have cut their teeth without any trouble. Your food also does away with all need of medicine and castor oil." — 22nd August, 1912.

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# Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1914.

## THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

WE are always reading in the papers, and we often hear in private, about men who marry for money—"fortune-hunters" is the derisive term applied to them. Nearly everybody not provided, by thoughtful parents or kind friends, with an adequate sum of money safely invested, is, it is true, a fortune-hunter; or a competence-seeker, which is nearly the same thing. But the true hunter is of the special type that reveals duplicity by pretending to want a wife, while what he really wants is money. We have heard of him. But we cannot claim that we have ever seen him at work. Or, at least, the few we have ever seen, have failed and failed dismally—have, in their persons, displayed for moralists the vanity of fortune-hunting. We can recall several instances in proof of this.

One was that of a young man who made up his mind, sufficiently early in life, that marriage was the career for him; and, indeed, we think he would have made a very attentive husband. He was good-looking, but very young in appearance, and the first girl, reported rich, whom he met utterly disdained him on that score. A mere boy! She married a man of forty not long afterwards—one of the bronzed military and rather surly type who are understood to be of great use in a fire, or a shipwreck, or a mutiny, or a siege or something; but who are in ordinary events (such as dinner-parties or theatres) exceedingly silent, sulky and disagreeable. But that has nothing to do with our young man.

He passed on, next, to a rather middle-aged lady who, we think, did like him. She was said to be very well off; but how well off was she? How do men find these things out? That is just the point. Surely no man—however much a fortune-hunter—can say: "Now, my good girl, I will marry you if you can assure me that your income is ample for my needs." Not even the sunburnt and brutal hero, like the hero of Mr. Somerset Maugham's stimulating drama, "The Land of Promise"—not even he dares (away from the prairie) to talk like that. And in this case it really wasn't known how much the lady was worth. Perhaps she had an annuity? Had she an annuity? One day our young man delicately hinted as much. At once, he was severely snubbed and told to mind his own business. Also, this middle-aged lady confessed to him that she considered that all men ought to work—to work hard, to work incessantly—even if they had strictly no need to. And that didn't suit our young man at all.

So he fell back upon a determined American girl with a largish American family who absorbed him, and put him in his place, and told him what to do, and reminded him every day of the extraordinary incompetence and slowness of all Englishmen, and finally, after a short but sickening struggle, insisted upon his living in America, where he now is, thoroughly kept in and suppressed, and even, we gather, slightly Americanised.

If you call that fortune-hunting, we say there is nothing in it. And we ask again, of successful fortune-hunters—how do they proceed? Do any of them make it pay?

W. M.

## THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

### HOW LONG?

HOW long ought a girl, in fairness, to keep a man waiting for a definite answer? I have asked a girl to marry me, and she keeps me in suspense. She says she loves me—but I must wait.

SUSPENSE.

### MORE CRANKINESS.

NONE of your correspondents appears to have recalled an American definition of crankiness: "A man with a new idea is a crank—until the idea succeeds." DOUGLAS BOX, Brighton Cruising Club, Brighton.

SINCE coming to England I have become a crank on the subject of torturing dogs for the supposed convenience of man. To chain up a dog for life and to never release it is to torture it. Yet

### THE FOOTBALL FIANCEE.

I HAPPEN to be the fiancée of a football enthusiast, and I find it very difficult, indeed, to be always in a sweet temper with him. If I suggest a country walk in the afternoon, or a boat trip, to him, his answer is this: "I should be glad to come with you, but you know that there is a grand match to-day, and I must on no account miss it." This has happened very often of late, and I am getting very tired of these excuses. What pleasure can a man find in sitting on a hard bench watching a troop of men and boys kick a ball? A. M.

### THE FINDING FAULT HABIT.

I HAVE read most of the sentimental trash with reference to the "Improvement of Lovings;" and I am surprised to think that there are so many people, presumably in possession of their full

## PEOPLE ONE DINES WITH FOR THE FIRST AND LAST TIME—NO. 4.



The host and hostess who are visibly "on the make," and who keep up, during dinner, a crescendo of "wants"; until, towards the end, it appears that they want everything you've got and a bit more. (By Mr. W. K. Haselden.)

this is how most watch-dogs are treated in this country.

To me this is horrible, but I find no one else seems to notice it or to mind seeing these poor solitary prisoners doing their life sentences. Therefore I must be a "crank" on this subject!

A LOVER OF DOGS.

### THE HOPE.

If Sleep and Death be truly one,  
And every spirit's folded shroud  
Thro' all its interital gloom  
In some long trance should slumber on;  
Unconscious of the sliding hour,  
Bare of the body, might it last,  
And silent traces of the past  
Be all the colour of the flower:

So then were nothing lost to man:  
So that still garden of the souls  
In many a figured leaf enrolls  
The total world since life began:

And love will last as pure and whole  
As 'till he loved me here in Time,  
And at the spiritual prime  
Reawaken with the dawning soul.

—TENNISYON.

facilities, who are willing to write as they do. If there were, indeed, such a thing as "love," the honeymoon, when foolish infatuation has waned. He finds that she frankly discards all pretence of love, and is only after pretty clothes and a good time.

She thinks him a brute, because when a hard day's work is over he wishes to sit quiet and not gad about after amusements. Finally, she either goes home to mother, or, worse still, brings mother to live with them. Poor husband! One cannot help feeling sorry for him, although undoubtedly it was not through lack of warning that he fell into the marriage trap.

REASON.

### A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great.

—Emerson.

## "LUXURY."

### Does the Middle-Class Family of To-Day Spend Too Much on Its Pleasures?

I AM much interested in your letters on "Luxury," but I think the reason why the young people of to-day spend so much money on pleasures is due to the fact that they earn it!

Fifty years ago a girl "earning her own living" was rare. She was allowed a certain sum of money for dress, and with this she had to be content. Nowadays, as soon as she leaves school she "goes to business," and earns the money for her clothes and pleasures. This, in its way, makes the father more extravagant, for instead of having to give his daughter a dress allowance he spends that money on his pleasures.

A mother is continually telling me how extravagant I am—how she was never allowed to go to theatres or belong to this club and that; but, as I am always pointing out, she didn't earn it! A hat was supposed to last a season. Well, how could I possibly make one hat last a season when fashions in women's hats change about every other week nowadays?

People were taught to be economical fifty years ago. Now they are taught to spend their incomes on luxury. Labour-saving devices are continually being invented. Every one likes as little work as possible. So, if they can afford these devices they buy them. Our grandparents didn't have the opportunity of spending too much money on luxury.

### A LOVER OF LUXURY.

IF the middle class are living in luxury, which I very much doubt, I am sure that they certainly deserve it. They bear the bulk of the taxation, never strike, and, having a hard job to find the money for the education of their own children, are forced to pay in order that the working-man (who often earns more than the middle-class clerk) may have his child educated free. Every petty injustice and tax (granny possible is placed upon their shoulders, and while miners, dockers and railwaymen strike, upon the least provocation, the middle class are expected to bear every burden patiently.

Never a class deserved to live in luxury it is the middle class of to-day.

DEFENDER.

THE miracles of economy effected by the middle-class girl of to-day, in order that she may dress properly and not disgrace her young man when she goes out for a walk with him, elicit my sincerest admiration.

Luxury, indeed! Does anybody realise the care and contriving needed by that brave little woman in order that she may look as neat as she does?

Women were protected in the "good, old" days we hear so much about. To-day they have to fight for themselves. I am proud of being engaged to a nice girl who has known what it is to earn her dress allowance. When she is my wife she shall not work any more, but, if I can manage shall be more liberal than it is now.

A girl who manages to look neat and nice on money she earns for herself is not to be accused of "luxury"—especially by people who do not have to earn their money. The girl of to-day has, I venture to assert, a good deal more courage—even if also she occasionally has less modesty—than her grandparents. And, after all, the old-fashioned modesty was often enough "put on."

AMOR VINCI OMNIA.

### IN MY GARDEN.

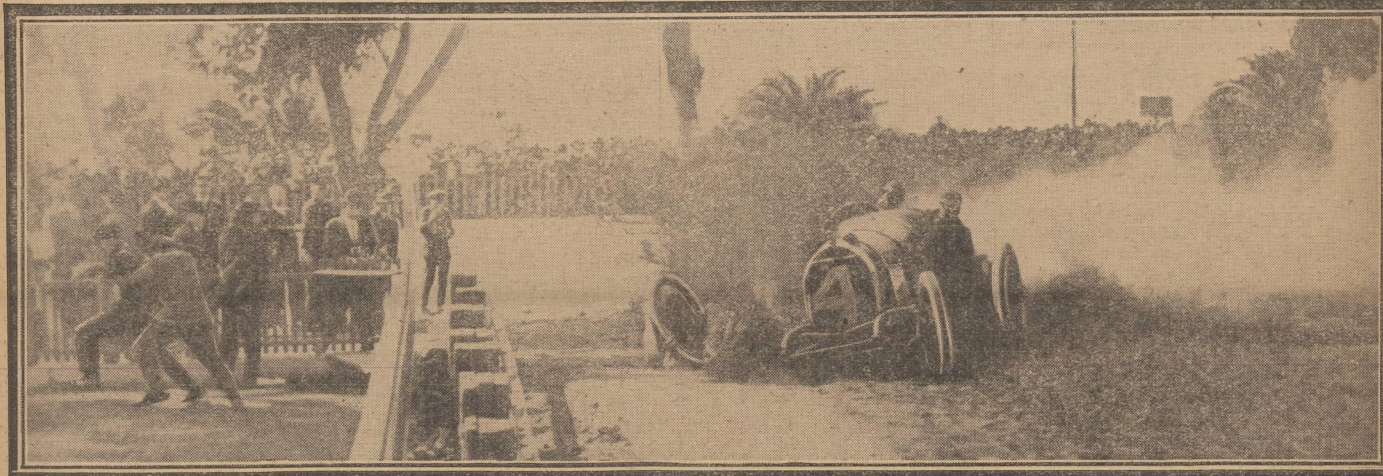
APRIL 3.—Lawns can now be mown for the first time, and should be afterwards well rolled. Where bare or thin patches occur the ground must be raked over and grass seed sown. Sprinkle a little soil over the seed and protect it from the birds. The pruning of all roses, save, perhaps, the teas in cold districts, should be finished as soon as possible. Roses recently planted should all be cut right back the first season.

Now is the time to cut out carnations in prepared beds. It is best to obtain them in pots.

E. F. T.



# RACING MOTORIST'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH IN CALIFORNIA.



Pullen, the racing motorist, and his mechanic had marvellous escapes from death during the competition for the Vanderbilt Cup on the Santa Monica course, in California. While rounding "Death Curve," one of the wheels came off and the vehicle collapsed. The pic-

ture illustrates the incident, and shows the spectators running out of the way. Two days later Pullen, none the worse for his adventure, won the race for the Grand Prize with the same motor-car.

## EDITOR AND NOVELIST.



Mr. David Whitelaw, the editor of the new "Premier Magazine," which bids fair to achieve a great success. He is also a novelist of no small popularity. His latest book is "A Castle in Bohemia."

## TROUSERED SUFFRAGETTE.



Dr. Mary Walker, the famous American suffragette, learning to dance the tango. She is very eccentric, and for more than fifty years has dressed in male attire. For this she now has special permission of Congress. Outdoors she wears a tall hat.

## NEW "KEEP FIT" SCHEME.



Benjamin Tillman, a United States senator, has invented a series of physical exercises for those who wish to live to a ripe old age. Miss Louise Alexander, a dancer, is seen doing one of them.

## MR. ASTOR'S FIANCEE.



A new picture of Miss Helen Huntington, Mr. Vincent Astor's fiancée. Mr. Astor inherited £13,000,000 from his father (a Titanic victim), and has been described as "America's most eligible bachelor."

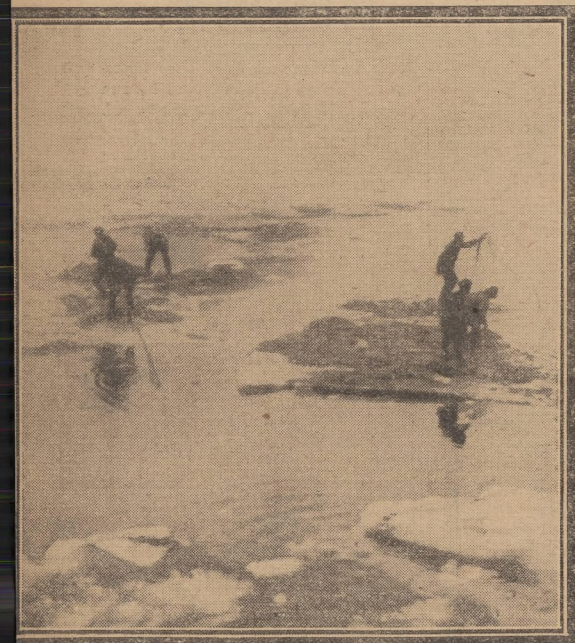
## A NEW SPRING MODEL.



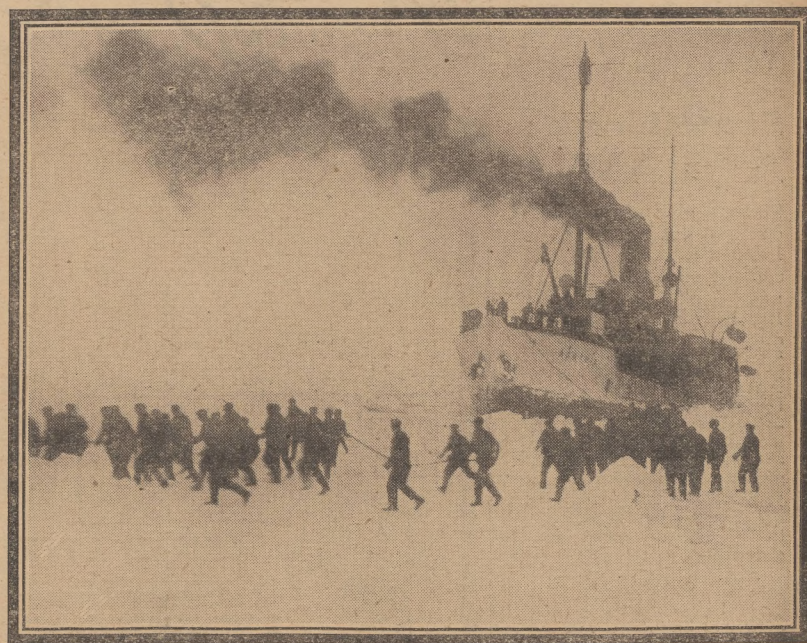
Hat of black tegal straw, with a very narrow brim, trimmed with a quill on either side. All the new hats are trimmed so as to give them a flat effect, as in the case of the model shown.—(Photograph, Austin, Paris.)



# SEAL HUNTERS' TERRIBLE FATE IN A BLIZZARD: SIXTY-FIVE DEAD



Difficult travelling. They jump from floe to floe.



Off for the day's work. They go lightly clad, and carry only a handful of biscuits.



Flag denoting to which vessel the skins belong.



One of the wells they make in the ice.



Diverting old seals' attention while killing young.

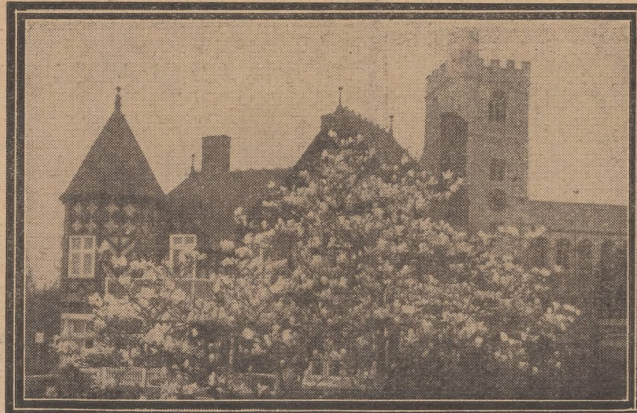
Thirty-seven of the survivors of the sealing ship Newfoundland have been picked up by the Bellaventure, but sixty-five are dead and twenty missing. They were seeking seals on the ice floes near Labrador, when they were caught in a blizzard. The crews

travel over the ice killing seals as they go. The skins, which are called "pelts," are piled on the ice, a flag denoting to which ship they belong. Many of the survivors are in a very precarious condition.

## SPRING TIME IN LONDON: SIGNS DENOTING THAT WINTER IS REALLY OVER.



The paddling season begins.



Blossoms a blaze of colour on the riverside at Fulham.



Cooler for horses at Hampstead.

Wherever you go there are signs that spring—real spring—has arrived. London is daily becoming a much pleasanter place, and will soon be at its best.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)





## Something like A LAWN

Smooth and green from end to end. A Velvas Lawn—cleansed from weeds and fed on Velvas.

"You can see to an inch where I have used Velvas," says one delighted user. Your lawn may be a mass of weeds and patches, but provided some grass roots remain, it is still capable of quick transformation by Velvas Lawn Sand—that marvellous Carmona preparation which kills grass weeds and restores grass in growth, colour and texture, as if by magic.

Four ounces to the square yard will make your lawn like it. Try it—most seedmen sell it—every one can get it for you.

Prices: Tins 6d., 1/-, 2/-, 3/6;  
112-lbs. 20/-.

Send for Free Booklet.

ROBINSON BROTHERS, LIMITED,  
10, West Bromwich and London;  
100, Long Acre, London, W.C.

## VELVAS Lawn Sand



A Blend  
of the  
Finest  
Tobaccos.

6d. per ounce; 2/- Quarter Pound  
Tins.

THOMSON & PORTEOUS,  
EDINBURGH.

Manufacturers of the above and also  
ALDERWOOD MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5½d.  
TWO HOURS MIXTURE PER OUNCE 5d.

## Beauty's Contour

This  
Model  
4/11  
Post Free.

### A quarter of an hour's talk

with our Corsetiere about Beauty's Contour Corsets will most probably mean to you three economies. Firstly, you will undoubtedly save money, for there is no corset which pretends to the same degree of fashion elegance which can be purchased at prices approximating to those at which Beauty's Contour is offered. Secondly, you will save the nerve-racking annoyances which are always associated with ill-fitting and incorrect corsets. Your gown will consequently look smarter, and you yourself will discover possibilities in your own figure which will lead to enhanced grace. Thirdly, you will economise in time. There is a corset waiting for you in the Beauty's Contour range. It might have been made for you, for the corsets are cut with an intelligent knowledge of the variations of feminine anatomy.

May we demonstrate these important points to you? Or if not convenient to call to-day, send for Corset Catalogue.



### TO-DAY'S STARTLING BLOUSE VALUE.

This Blouse is made in the new Crepola Cloth, with sloping shoulder and ball buttons, in Ivory, Sage, Eerie, Sand, Lime, Ro.e, Navy and Tango.

Post Free, 3/11½  
Money Returned if Goods not approved.

## UNIQUE ATTRACTION

For more information, call this afternoon at 3 o'clock; thirty of the smartest WEST END MILLINERS trimming hats for prizes. Ladies are invited to witness this interesting competition. The Hats will be offered for sale on conclusion of the competition.

## MARSHALL ROBERTS, L.T.D.,

197 to 209, High Street, Camden Town, London.

Open until 10 p.m. THIS DAY. Seven minutes by 'Bus from Oxford Circus, Tottenham Court Road or Kingsway. 10 Minutes by Tube from CHARING CROSS.

## SMALL RED PIMPLES ON CHIN AND NOSE

Caused Irritation and Made Sleep Impossible. Burned at Night. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Pimples Disappeared.



Prospect House, Murton, Appleby, Westmoreland, Eng.—"About eighteen months ago a lot of small red pimples appeared on my chin and nose. The pimples first appeared to arise from blackheads. They contained matter and came to a small white head, which used to sometimes get torn off during the night and cause irritation and make sleep impossible. Through long exposure to the cold the pimples became worse and used to burn at night. I tried two or three remedies, but to no avail. I then sent for a free sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and finding relief I got more from the chemist. I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment according to the directions, and in six weeks the pimples had entirely disappeared." (Signed) Christopher Tinkler, Jan. 31, 1903.

To remove dandruff, prevent dry, thin and falling hair, allay itching and irritation, and promote the growth and beauty of the hair, frequent shampoos with Cuticura Soap, assisted by occasional dressings with Cuticura Ointment, afford a most effective and economical treatment. Cuticura soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by dealers throughout the world. A sample of each with 32-p. Skin Book free from nearest depot. Address: F. Newbery and Sons, 27, Charterhouse Sq., London, or Potter Drug and Chem. Corp., Boston, U.S.A.

Men who shave and shampoo with Cuticura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

The Oldest and Best.

## ADAM'S FURNITURE POLISH

Brilliant, Clean, Lasting.

The Bottle in the Blue Tartan Wrapper. Made at Sheffield and sold all over the world. 6d. and 1/-.

# STONE'S GINGER WINE

In Bottle of all Grocers and  
Wine Merchants, and on  
draught at all Bars.

### The Check-Apron Girl, says:

I use Corn Flour every time I cook a meal.

Corn Flour made my reputation for delicate dishes.

I use Brown & Polson's 'Patent' Corn Flour because it goes farthest and gives the most delicious flavour.

## Brown & Polson's 'Patent' Corn Flour.



## The "GAMAGE" CYCLE £3:19:9

I GIVE you a first-grade Coventry-built All Steel Cycle, light, strong, and perfectly finished, and a perpetual guarantee with it. In the "Gamage" you get the value you expect from the name.

A. W. GAMAGE, LTD.,  
Holborn, London, E.C.

Booklet sent  
post free on  
application



Carriage paid in  
England & Wales  
and half carriage  
to Scotland and  
Ireland.

# 35 REPUTATIONS

## As good as an extra Servant

The BRITISH Vacuum Cleaner saves labour and trouble. No clouds of dust float about after using it. It replaces the old-fashioned broom; the dust is drawn into a sealed bag to be emptied away from the house. The BRITISH Vacuum Cleaner sucks the dust out of Carpets, Curtains and Furniture, without any necessity to move them.

## BRITISH The Vacuum Cleaner

Send a postcard for our illustrated booklet and we will arrange for our Agent to show you the unique advantages of our cleaners. It costs you nothing.  
Hand Cleaners from 45/-, Electric Cleaners from £11 11 0.  
Sold by all enterprising Ironmongers and so on.

THE BRITISH VACUUM CLEANER CO., LTD.,

250, Parsons Green Lane, London, S.W.

Showrooms:  
95, Wignmore St., W. 38, New Bridgegate, Leeds.  
94, Trinity Street, Dublin.





OUR SERIAL.

BEGIN IT TO-DAY.

# The Story of a Woman's Heart

THE MOST INTIMATE STORY EVER WRITTEN.

## THE BEGINNING OF THE STORY.

**ELAINE CASSELLIS**, a radiantly happy young bride,

adores her husband, Lord Charles, who is a member of the aristocracy.

**ROBERT CASSELLIS**, who goes daily to the City to his business. One day she discovers that he is receiving passionate love letters from a woman.

**AGATHA ESBRON**, a pretty woman, a few years older than herself. Robert explains that Miss Esbron will assist him with her about it. Miss Esbron has put money into his business, and owing to a technical breach of the law, it is in her power to have a warrant issued for his arrest.

Robert is made bankrupt and goes abroad to avoid arrest. Elaine's baby, a boy, is born, and Robert is unwilling to go to her. He tells her that he owes his ruin to an unrequited love.

**TIFFANY RILEY**, and it transpires that Miss Esbron is in his pay. Elaine, posing as a Miss Graham, gets employment as a typist in Tiffany Riley's office. One day Miss Esbron calls, and before she enters Tiffany Riley tells Elaine to hide behind a screen and take down all that Miss Esbron says.

Tiffany Riley tells Miss Esbron he has no further need of her services, and adds that he himself had a man sent from Scotland Yard to arrest Robert Cassillis. When Elaine returns to her room, Robert has already been arrested. He is defended by his friend,

**PETER ROSS**, a barrister. Robert is found guilty of misappropriating £5,000 and is sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. A little later the conviction is quashed.

Tiffany Riley tells Elaine her list of clients, and Elaine goes to Riley's house and extracts it from his desk. Hearing footsteps she drops the list behind the desk. Tiffany Riley enters him, and Elaine's heart is broken open. Finding it impossible to explain away her act, Elaine tells him that she is Mrs. Robert Cassillis.

He threatens to send for the police unless she confesses what she has done with the missing list. Elaine denies him.

Lord Charles Herpesport enters, and Elaine manages to confide in him. He tells her that he has been waiting for her. The following morning Elaine receives the list by post. She hastens to take it to her husband. He tells her that Miss Esbron has given him a valuable patent, subject to certain conditions. "What conditions?" asks Elaine, her throat feeling sudden.

On hearing that Miss Esbron is to be a partner in her husband's firm she is greatly disturbed. But at last she gives in.

Robert restarts in business, and for a year all goes well. Then Robert and Elaine find that Elaine cannot be the cause of a thousand pounds. Elaine tells Lord Charles Herpesport, and he offers to lend the money.

While waiting for him in a daisy by his houseboat she glances up and beholds Tiffany Riley looking down at her from the deck.

## "A CHANGE IN TIFFANY RILEY."

"WILL you come on board again, Mrs. Cassillis?" inquired Lord Charles, "and I will give you the letter."

"Thank you, I would rather wait here," I answered.

Tiffany Riley was looking from Lord Charles to me, and was clearly puzzled at the situation.

When Lord Charles climbed on to the houseboat and began to type towards his cabin to write the necessary letter to his banker, Tiffany Riley tried to detain him.

"Don't bother me, old chap, now," said Lord Charles curtly, and vanished into his cabin.

I was alone in the graceful little row-boat, and Tiffany Riley leaning over the rail of the larger vessel looked down at me. I was conscious of his scrutiny, but did not raise my face. I knew that I was looking my best, and that the mingling, warm light of his eyes and the gleam and the pallid radiance of the moon heightened whatever beauty I possessed.

"Mrs. Cassillis," Tiffany Riley's voice was low. There was a distant babble of voices from Lord Charles's friends who were for the first time the servant attending to the lanterns on the upper deck came to us; far away a night bird called mournfully.

"Mrs. Cassillis, I would like a word or two with you."

I raised my face and looked up at Mr. Riley where he stood leaning down towards me with his elbows folded on the rail. For a moment I was utterly taken by surprise, so startled that it was with difficulty I suppressed an exclamation. There was something in Tiffany Riley's face that frightened me. The whole appearance of the man had altered strangely. In the dim light of the Chinese lanterns, the fullness of the pallor of his skin, his deep-set eyes burned with a feverish light, and the powerful hands had grown pallid and lean so that the big knuckle-joints became ugly protuberances. Not only this physical change struck my perception, but a sensation of something more than a change in the man himself had changed—his power seemed to have gone on at any rate diminished.

"I want to have a word with you," went on Tiffany Riley, "about your husband."

"Mr. Riley," I said, "at our last meeting you were contemplating putting me into the hands of the police."

Tiffany Riley laughed—a harsh, bitter laugh. "Don't talk about that," he said. "Herpesport will be back in a minute, and I want you to listen to me. Your husband is butting against me. He isn't satisfied with what happened to him last time. You can tell him from me, Mrs. Cassillis, that this time he'll get it—he'll get it good and hard."

"A message such as that," I retorted, "would not terrify my husband in the least."

I saw Tiffany Riley draw down his brows in anger, then put a finger to his collar and ease it about his throat.

"Look here, Mrs. Cassillis, I'm willing to make your husband an offer. There's plenty of room in my business for a man of talent like him. Let him give up this competition against me and come into my office."

"He would never think of it!" I said, in swift indignation at the thought.

"I was stung by the insolence of his offer, and I could not refrain from striking back."

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"I was stung by the insolence of his offer, and I could not refrain from striking back."

"Perhaps, Mr. Riley," I said, "my husband may some day make you an offer to come in his office."

And at that moment Lord Charles returned, stepped nimbly into the boat where I was, and cast off the painter.

"Amuse yourself for half an hour, Riley," he said, "and be on hand at the office."

Five minutes later Lord Charles helped me out of the boat at the landing-stage, and as I turned I could see Tiffany Riley. He was still leaning over the rail of the engine, watching us.

The night was even more serene and beautiful than earlier in the evening. The moon, which had climbed high in the sky, was of incandescent brightness, and the silver radiance lay over the dark woods and the broad, sleeping field.

It was difficult to believe that we were so near London. Lord Charles accompanied me along a narrow path between tall grass. I found myself wondering what he thought of my visit to him, of my request that he should lend Robert so large a sum of money.

He had treated the matter with such lightness that I imagined a thousand pounds was a matter of no moment to him.

"This letter, Mrs. Cassillis," he said, handing me an envelope, "will reach my bank in the morning if you will post it immediately you reach town. It will be the best time to send you a cheque some time to-morrow."

"I can't tell you, Lord Charles," I murmured, "how grateful I am to you!"

"What is it?" I inquired, a little apprehensively, "I feel sure my husband will be able to repay the money very soon."

"Mrs. Cassillis, will you do me a favour?" "What is it?" I asked, a little apprehensively.

"I want this little business transaction to be between you and me."

"I can scarcely do that, Lord Charles," I protested, "but I am just as deeply grateful to you as if the money were for myself."

We came to a stile and paused.

Lord Charles looked into my face, and I saw again in his eyes the admiration I had seen when he rode me in the boat.

"Mrs. Cassillis," he whispered suddenly, "I wish you had asked me for twenty thousand!"

I moved back a little, startled and afraid. "I turned my face from him and laid a hand on the stile, but he made no motion to assist me, and as at a straw to save the situation, I grasped at the subject of Tiffany Riley."

Mr. Riley says he still intends to crush my husband out of business," I remarked, with an assumption of indifference.

"Riley bores me," returned Lord Charles, shortly, "his incessant preoccupation with money, this amassing of one sovereign upon another is insufferable to me."

I saw that he was annoyed I had changed the subject, but I was determined to hold the conversation in the channel that suited me. Deep in my heart, much as I dislike to confess it, there was a pleasurable sensation, a little flutter of pride, that this splendidly handsome fellow had looked at me with eyes that held something more than admiration.

The thought that I could evoke deep feeling in him exhilarated me. If he looked at me again I wished that I might look my best.

I drew myself up, and with the inborn coquetry of women, even the best of us, I permitted the full pallor of the moon to transfigure my face.

How my words contradicted my actions!

"I noticed a great change in Mr. Riley," I said.

"There is a change," Lord Charles answered.

He had been staring away from me across the moonlit fields, and for the first time he seemed to show a flicker of interest in the subject of Tiffany Riley.

"Riley is merely the shadow of his former self," said Lord Charles, "something strange is happening to him. I don't wonder you saw it, even at night, for everyone has noticed it."

I put out my hand towards the stile, and softly Lord Charles laid his hand upon mine.

"I would like to see your face again," he whispered, "once again in the moonlight."

I turned towards him.

"How adorable you are!" he breathed. "How adorable!"

And before I could release my hand from his grasp, he had raised it to his lips and kissed it.

"Lord Charles!" I protested, snatching the hand away.

"I have offended you for ever!" he ejaculated, in a low voice of intense contrition.

"It was unfair of you, Lord Charles!"

"I couldn't help it! You see, when I met you first, when we had our first talks together," he hesitated a moment, "it was hardly fair to me, Mrs. Cassillis, for I met you then as Miss Graham."

We were still at the stile. The quiet moonlight silvered the fields, and the gentle wind rustled the branches of the trees. I could see Lord Charles's eyes fixed on my face with an expression of intense reverence, almost of adoration.

How strange it was; how unfair, how wrong of him to do as he had done! It made my situation awkward, and I felt myself forced to come to him to borrow money for Robert, and he had taken this liberty!

For a moment I thought of handing back his letter, but his genuine penitence softened me. After all, I possessed beauty sufficient to attract him, it was not fault.

But I loved Robert—and Lord Charles was able to help Robert.

"You must come no further, Lord Charles," I said suddenly, and I held out my hand. "I can easily find my way."

But he protested, and I allowed him to accompany me to the station and to put me in the train.

I tell me that you forgive me," he whispered.

I forgot to say, that in my heart, there was uneasiness. If I read his look aright, if his vibrant voice as he spoke to me revealed the feelings of his heart, something had been aroused in him that could not be quenched by a casual word.

## "A THOUSAND POUNDS."

OUR little maid stepped into the sitting-room. "An express letter, madam!"

She advanced towards me with the salver extended. I took the letter.

"Shall the boy wait, madam?"

I tore open the letter.

"No," I said, and she left the room.

It was nearly midday, and I had been waiting minute by minute the whole morning.

I had not told Robert of my visit to Lord Charles on the previous night. I had not imparted to him the possibility of a possibility of my saving the situation. He had despaired of finding so large a sum as a thousand, and at breakfast I had led him dexterously to the subject and away again.

He still needed the thousand pounds! It still meant everything to the business.

I had risen early with my mood utterly changed, and occasionally a memory of Lord Charles's face when he took my hand and put it to his lips pictured itself in my mind's eye, but I thrust it ruthlessly away.

The thought of that scene disturbed me. And as I tore open Lord Charles's letter now a fear went through me, that he might have written something more than formalities. And yet when I read his formal words I was vaguely disappointed.

"Dear Mrs. Cassillis,—I hope the enclosed will be as useful to you as I could wish it to be.—Your very truly, Charles Herpesport."

I read the brief words three or four times, then took out the cheque and looked at it.

One thousand pounds! I should have to explain to Robert that Lord Charles had advanced it without conditions of any kind. And for the first time, as I looked at the actual cheque, I felt that it would be just a little awkward to explain matters to Robert.

Then I laughed, thrust the thought aside and, folding the cheque, put it in my purse.

Ten minutes later, I was on my way to Robert's office. The whole world seemed bright and gay. I believed in Robert. I knew now that he would be able to win with and position, and that while we were still young we should obtain the pleasures and refinements of life. And it pleased me that I could be of use to him.

I pictured to myself the moment when, with a little air of delight, I should announce to him that his wish for a thousand pounds had been magically granted!

As I sped towards the office that morning I felt that almost loved Lord Charles for what he had done. Robert need not now lose Miss Esbron's money. If he could struggle through and pay her out as we both hoped, we should be free of her for ever.

Old Parsons opened the door of Robert's office to me and there was a gay flower in his buttonhole.

"Is Mr. Cassillis in, Mr. Parsons?"

"Oh, yes, madam; oh, yes, yes, yes. Come this way, madam."

I saw that the old fellow had been busy with the clerks in the outer office, and telling him that I would go to Robert myself, I passed into the inner room, where Parsons sat alone in an office which opened into Robert's private room.

As I stood in Parsons's empty room for a moment and looked towards Robert's office I saw that his door was ajar very slightly.

I took my purse containing the cheque from my bag and softly crossed the room.

Then suddenly through the open door I caught a glimpse of Miss Esbron! She was seated beside Robert's table and apparently leaning forward towards him. Robert, who was out of my sight, was speaking in a tone of earnestness which I knew.

A very few people would have said for me what you have done, Agatha," he said, "and I appreciate it with all my heart."

(Continued on page 13.)



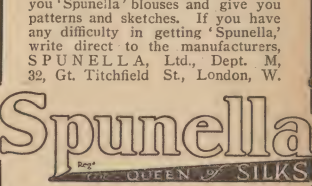
## SAY 'SPUNELLA' TO YOUR DRAPER

when you are inquiring about silk shirts or blouses. This wonderful material is pure silk which does not fade and is practically unshrinkable.

Shirts made of 'Spunella' last three times as long as those made of ordinary silk; it does not 'ladder' and comes back from the wash each time looking like new.

Nothing more delightful has ever been woven for the woman who values a smart appearance, yet who desires to be economical.

'Spunella' costs but 2/11 per yard, 25 ins. wide. Your draper will show you 'Spunella' blouses and give you patterns and sketches. If you have any difficulty in getting 'Spunella,' write direct to the manufacturers, SPUNELLA, Ltd., Dept. M, 32, Gt. Titchfield St., London, W.



REPUTABLE DRAPERS NEVER SUBSTITUTE.

## Wash-day Ended! Worries—

No more hard work, and the washing done in less than one quarter the usual time. The old "rub and scrub" method is superseded by



**BRADFORD'S 'VOWEL' WASHER**

No internal mechanism. Easy in operation, and will last a lifetime. It is absolutely fireproof. BEFORE PURCHASE.

Washing Machines from 35s. Carriage Manx Machine, 50s. 6d. Wringer Machines from 25s. Special Discount.

BUTTER CHURNS, BUTTERMILK MEERS, LABOUR-SAVING for the HOUSE.

"Everything for the House and Dairy."

Write for Illustrated Catalogue (No. 301) to THOS. BRADFORD & Co. Manufacturers, 14-16, OLD GOLDEN, LONDON, 150, Old St., Liverpool; 1, Deansgate, Manchester.

## WILL IT BE FINE

for Easter? If it rains—well that can't spoil your pleasure if you're prepared for all weathers. There is only one way of keeping dry in a real downpour

## OILSKINS

The new oilskin coat is not the humpy ugly thing one used to see. It is sleek, shining, and fashionable just now as easily as light but as waterproof as a coat of steel. It is bought up by a wholesale stock of these and as a holiday bargain offer them.

REDUCED TO 9/11 from 25s. the usual price. This tremendous reduction, which is your opportunity of securing large quantities whatever the weather, is made because some are very slightly blemished. They are quite the latest thing in cut and colour, weigh only 20 ounces, and are absolutely impervious to water. Colours—(Ladies) Sage Blue and Sage Green. (Gentlemen) Khaki.

When ordering, give height, weight and chest measure. Send Postal Order 9/11 to

**GODWIN'S** (Overcoat) 132, Vauxhall Bridge Rd., London, S.W.

If you are wise you will write at once as we have a limited number, and the offer cannot be repeated.

## Stomach and Liver Troubles.

If you are a victim of stomach and liver troubles it will repay you a thousandfold to take prompt measures towards banishing them from your system.

Neglect of these common complaints often leads to chronic ill-health, and to much unnecessary suffering and misery.

Such distressing maladies as biliousness, headaches, pains after meals, fullness of the liver, furred tongue, and sleeplessness are most frequently due to some derangement of the stomach and liver.

For many years past Mother Seigel's Syrup has been a favourite remedy for stomach and liver troubles all over the world. Take Mother Seigel's Syrup and you will soon understand why this popular herbal remedy is used and recommended by tens of thousands.

## MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Has a World-Wide Reputation.

**SOLD ON APPROVAL**

SEND for this **11** To-day Wonderful

**BARGAIN IN LADIES' KNITTED SPORTS CAPS**

CHILDREN'S KNITTED CAPS. Guaranteed same quality as those sold in retail shops at double the price. Money refunded if this is not correct. Colours: White, Scarlet, Tan, Reseda, Emerald, Navy Blue, and Black.

Same price and colours.

Alfred Williams & Co., 19, Cannon St., Manchester

FOR SHROVETIDE AND LENTEN

Send For Your Panakes, Eggs or Fish, in ATORA Brand. Best Eggs, in ATORA Brand, small and large, and no "after-taste." Your grocer sells it—ask for ATORA in black. Refuse substituted brands.—(Ad.)





WHAT IS IT?

**"TOUCHWOOD"****THE MAGIC CHARM.**

HER MAJESTY QUEEN ALEXANDRA was so delighted with this magic charm that her Majesty purchased a number of them; no wonder, he is such a quaint little oddity, firmly believed in for thousands of years as a sure bringer of good luck, happiness and prosperity.

**The Wonderful Eastern Mascot.**

The Eastern people call him their Holy Charm because his head is made of sacred oak and his arms and legs either of gold or silver. His weird little eyes hold a curious fascination; they are set with real gems of the Zolothian signs. In America, from East to West, he is worn by thousands of men, women and children on guards, bangles and watch-chains.

**The Wonderful Eastern Mascot Brooch**

We have received a special assignment both in gold and silver of these lucky mascots, with safety brooch attachment, which can be worn on a blouse or collar, or as a lace pin; the charm can also be detached and worn on a chain or bracelet if desired.



The above are very appropriate for Easter Gifts, as each one is packed in a specially-coloured Easter Egg as an Easter Gift or birthday present. You could not choose anything better.

**DERRY & TOMS**  
KENSINGTON, LONDON W.

We are offering these at the following prices:-

Silver Mascots... each 1/6  
With Brooch 2/-  
9ct. Gold Mascots... each 5/6  
With Brooch 7/6  
9ct. Gold Mascots, with Eyes of Real  
Brilliant, Rubies, Amethysts, Emeralds,  
Sapphires, etc., at each **£1 10**

ALL POST FREE.

The above are packed in EASTER EGGS, and a specially-designed card giving the history and origin of this wonderful mascot is also enclosed.

**A NEW HOME TREATMENT FOR MAKING STRAIGHT HAIR WAVY AND FLUFFY.**

Many a charming face is spoiled by straight, lank and excessively greasy hair. Naturally curly hair gives a most charming effect to even a plain face, a fact which unfortunately has been known for many years. This knowledge alone has resulted in the ruin of thousands of heads of beautiful hair by slow torture, from that terrible instrument, the curling iron. Imagine if you can how the living hair squirms and twists under such treatment. Yet this is the very result you aim at. Well, I have no doubt that each one individually is of the opinion that the results justify the means, but let me tell you that the reckoning will have to be paid, and in a manner which will be far from pleasant. The twists and curls created by the hot iron are the hairs' dying contortions, and it is only a question of time when you will have no hair left to torture. If it is absolutely necessary to have wavy hair then there is a far more simple and harmless process, which any woman may adopt without fear as to the results. Get from your chemist two ounces of silmerine, and pour about two tablespoonfuls into a saucer. With a clean toothbrush apply this to the hair upon retreating. You will be quite amazed at the result, and an application will last for many days. Damp weather need have no terrors for you if you take these simple precautions, and straight, wispy tails will be converted into tight little curls.-(Adv.)

**OUR CHILDREN'S SATURDAY CORNER.**

The Happy Twins Have a Most Delightful Time in Cloudland, and Prepare for the Rainbow Journey.

My Dear Boys and Girls,—I want all my little friends to see what a pretty picture they can make of this week's picture of the children asleep in the nest. Just try your best—that is all I want you to do.

Only children under sixteen may take part in our competition. The youngest boy or girl has a chance of winning a prize or gaining a certificate. Four prizes are offered for the best attempt—5s., 3s. and two of 2s. 6d. each—and several certificates of merit will be awarded.

Colour your picture with water-colours or chalks and send it, with your name and address, to the Children's Corner, *The Daily Mirror*, 23, Boulevard-street, London, E.C., so that it arrives not later than the first post on Wednesday next.

Prizes for colouring the children in the magic garden are awarded to: First (5s.), Raymond Green (aged ten), 22, Windsor-road, Wanstead, Essex; second (3s.), Gladys Plommer (aged eleven), Hazlewood, Dane Park, Ramsgate; third (2s. 6d.), Phyllis Gabriel (aged thirteen), Locksley, Upminster, Essex; fourth (2s. 6d.), Leslie Harris (aged thirteen), 82, Dalmatia-road, Southchurch, Southend-on-Sea.

Goodbye until next week. AUNT MARY.

**GREEN CAP RETURNS SAFE AND SOUND**

(Continued from last week.)

Going to bed in cloudland is a very exciting thing—far more exciting (although, perhaps, not so nice) than having a good-night sweet and being tucked in by your mother.

Since Green Cap was banished to a cabbage patch for boasting a week ago, Jack and Joan had been having a most delightful time, going to bed

when they liked and sometimes playing hide and seek the whole night long.

Then Green Cap arrived. He climbed up the tree where the children were living with the boy in his nest, flung his arms round them and cried, "Oh, I'm so glad to see you. It seems years since I have been away."

"How have you been enjoying yourself?" asked Green Cap. "Have you had any special adventures?"

"We haven't gone on to the rainbow yet," said the boy. "It is rather difficult, you know, and I expect we shall have many a battle with the Indians and other enemies of mine on the road."

"When do we start?" cried Joan very eagerly, sitting up in the nest.

"We will start to-morrow, I think, at sunrise. I will get some swords for you, Jack, and you, Green Cap, and a bow and arrow for Joan."

Jack jumped up with excitement at the prospect of a real battle. He danced on one leg on the edge of the nest, and was only saved from falling over by Green Cap catching hold of him.

It was just twilight. The moon shone like a silver lamp in the sky and the stars were coming out one by one. Immediately it was dark hundreds of fairies came flying round the nest for their night work.

"How pretty they look! I wish we could take some home!" said Joan, as she tried to catch hold of their wings. They sounded like hundreds of musical-boxes playing.

"I must get my two lamps," said the boy, as he took two glowworms out of a cupboard in the tree and hung them up on a branch.

"Good-night, fairies, good-night everybody!" cried Jack and Joan, as they nestled down into the nest.

The boy crept out of the nest, and, smiling bravely, took up his sword and stood on guard to protect the children. We see him standing there in the picture, waiting for any Indians or wild animals that may come along.

Next Saturday we shall see how the children fought their first battle on the way to the rainbow.



Four prizes are offered for colouring this picture.

**CHEERFUL BEDROOMS IN THE HOME ARTISTIC**

The Wise Mistress of the Present Day Considers the Needs of Her Servants.

One of the first cares of the prudent housewife is to see that her servants' bedroom is bright and comfortable. The theory that "anything will do for the maid" belongs to a past age, when housewives in general were less considerate towards their servants—*in age* when there was no servant problem as we know it to-day.

Domestic service is no longer a despised calling. It is followed by thousands of bright, cheerful girls from good homes, who, attracted by higher wages and a more kindly attitude on the part of mistresses, regard it as a congenial method of earning their own living.

They expect—and why not?—to find in their new home a sense of comfort equal to that in their former surroundings.

And then the wise mistress remembers that the maid's room is the only one which she can call her

Yet there are still a number of mistresses who cling to antique ideas.

Many other practical hints, showing how "The Home Artistic" may be achieved at little cost, will be given to *Daily Mirror* visitors at Monday's demonstration. There are a few reserved seats still left, and these will be allotted, free of charge, to women whose requests are first received at *The Daily Mirror* Offices, Boulevard-street, E.C., envelopes to be marked "Home."

**"DAILY MIRROR" BEAUTIES—No. 137****"DAILY MIRROR" DEMONSTRATION**

MONDAY, April 6.—"The Home Artistic: New Ideas for Spring Decoration" Lecture-demonstration, illustrated by suites of rooms showing schemes of furnishing and colouring with economy. At Messrs. T. W. Thompson's, Tottenham Court-road W., 3 p.m.

Free reserved seats on application to *Daily Mirror* Offices, Boulevard-street, E.C., envelope to be marked "Home."

very own, and that if it is bright and cheerful, the girl herself will be bright and cheerful, and work all the better.

Mr. Morris Davis, head of Messrs. T. W. Thompson and Co., Tottenham Court-road—where the twelfth *Daily Mirror* demonstration, on "The Home Artistic," takes place next Monday afternoon—declares that as much attention is now given, in proportion, to securing pretty, useful furniture in the servant's room as to that of any other apartment.

"First of all," he says, "the room itself should be light and airy, instead of the old dark, slip-room which was often given to the maid because nobody else would have it."

**I GREW NEW HAIR ON MY BALD HEAD.**

Natural Colour and Luxuriant Growth in Place of Greyness and Semi-Baldness.

To Prove that the remedy which cured my hair troubles will stop your hair falling, restore its natural colour, and make it soft glossy and beautiful

I will send **2/6** packet of my Treatment **FREE**

a full size

As it is my wish that everyone should share my good fortune in securing an abundant and healthy head of hair, I am offering my preparations upon terms that will place them within the reach of all.

I myself was bald excepting for a thin grey growth of hair round the sides and back of my head. For years my hair had been coming out and turning grey, and although I tried all the hitherto known means of arresting the trouble, including the various hair restorers so much advertised in the Press, I went on getting worse and worse. I was an Analytical Chemist by profession, and decided to turn my scientific and technical knowledge to account in connection with my hair trouble, feeling certain that there must be some means of restoring the activity of the hair-growing vessels and glands beneath the skin which I knew were only lying dormant.



These two photographs illustrate more clearly than words can do the vast improvement that my treatment could effect in the appearance of most ladies.

**MY OWN CURE.**

After a week's trial of my own treatment I examined my scalp and was amazed to find that it was completely covered by a very fine and short downy growth. In a very few weeks I had strong and thoroughly healthy head of hair of the original colour, the envy of my friends and acquaintances. Upon applying the same treatment to those of my friends and relatives who were deficient in hair growth, complete success always followed, and I then decided to give the general public the benefit of my discovery.

These successes were achieved in cases of Baldness (in patches or all over head). Hair coming out in the comb. Greyness. Dryness of the Hair. Greasy Hair. Losing its Lustre. Dandruff and Scalp Irritation.

One of the many advantages I perceived in my system of treatment was the very short time occupied by it during each week—so much so, that the busiest man would never say he had not time to properly carry out the treatment.

Another point very much appreciated by my Clients is this, that as soon as the hairs have grown to a length of about one inch the treatment may be entirely discontinued, and the hair will go on growing until it attains its normal length.

The letters of gratitude which I receive from ladies and gentlemen all over the world confirm me in the opinion I formed that my treatment would be successful in practically every case.

Every man and woman suffering from any hair trouble whatever should at once write to me, enclosing three penny stamps for postage, when I will immediately forward the full-size 2s. 6d. packet of my preparations, with full instructions, also my booklet giving much useful information on the subject of hair growth, and photographs of a few of my grateful clients.

Cut out and send me the coupon below, and at once commence to experience the comfort of a healthy scalp with rapidly growing hair.

This Coupon entitles the sender to the full-size 2s. 6d. packet of Hair Treatment offered in "The Daily Mirror," April 4, 1914, free of charge.

For improving the Growth .....  
For improving the Colour .....  
Put a cross against the line that applies to your case, and enclose this coupon with three penny stamps to pay for postage, etc. Please write your name and address very distinctly on a separate sheet of paper, saying whether you are Mrs., Miss, or Mr.

MR. W. MONTAGUE REEVES,  
22, Newman-street, Oxford-street, London, W.



## Easter Dress Wear

A new design ready for immediate wear, particularly charming in gracefulness of line and beauty of finish, all orders for which are guaranteed to be executed by return post.

### SMART COSTUME

MODEL 626.

12/11

Carriage Paid.

Made from "Shannon" Diagonal Serge, in Sage Blue, Tan, Purple, Wedgewood Blue, Olive Green, Navy and Black. Also in Grey mixture. The Coat, lined and made with a panel back, is 28in. long, with double-slit seams, button-through front, and stylish roll collar. Three-gored Corsage Skirt, with neatly-stitched seams and front edge, trimmed with buttons. Stock sizes to fit 34, 36 and 38in. bust; 22, 24, 26 and 28in. waist; 36, 38, 40 and 42in. front skirt length.

Price 12/11 Carr. If made specially to measure, 16/3, carr. paid.

Also supplied in the "Glendower." All-Wool Diagonal Serge, in Tango Red, Lime Green, Sage Blue, Tan, Brown, Navy and Black. In stock sizes as above. Price 12/11, carriage paid.

PATTERNS FREE.

### "Fashions & Household Requirements."

Noble's Illustrated Catalogue, an 80 page Book containing over 400 illustrations, will be sent to any address FREE for postcard.

**JOHN NOBLE, Ltd.,**  
178, BROOK STREET MILLS,  
MANCHESTER.

## THIS MORNING'S NEWS ITEMS.

### Ibsen's Widow Dead.

Mme. Susanna Ibsen, widow of Henrik Ibsen, the great playwright, died yesterday morning, says Reuter, at Christiania.

### M.P.'s Airman Son Fined.

Mr. Brian Hunt, an airman, the son of Mr. Rowland Hunt, M.P., was fined £14 11s. at Eastbourne yesterday for three motor-car offences.

### New White Star Liner.

The White Star Line has placed an order with Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Limited, Belfast, for a steamer of about 33,000 tons gross register.

### No Claim Yet for Compensation.

No claim, it is stated, has been received in official quarters for compensation for Mr. Starchfield in connection with the recent charge against him.

### Berlin Firm's £900,000 Liabilities.

The failure was announced in Berlin yesterday of the firm of Wolf Wertheim, Limited, warehousemen, and, says the Central News, the liabilities are stated to amount to £900,000.

### But He Takes Off His Wig.

"I haven't got time even to have my hair cut before I go away," complained Mr. Justice Eve, in the Chancery Division yesterday, in refusing an application to hear a case before the end of the sittings on Wednesday.

### Ex-Colonial Governor Dead.

Sir Hubert Jerningham, K.C.M.G., a former Colonial Governor, died last night of pneumonia at his London residence, 14, Bruton-street, Berkeley-square.

### Theatre on New Liner.

A vaudeville theatre, rivaling some of the largest variety houses in England, is a feature of the Cunard Aquitania, which starts her maiden voyage on May 30.

### Saved by Dog's Bark.

Alarmed by her dog's barking, Mme. Martin, a farmer's wife, of Mercadiere (France), followed the dog to a hayloft and found her husband hanging. He was revived.

### Saint Who Lost His Crown.

"A saint of the first water," was Mr. Plowden's description yesterday of a defendant, aged seventy-two, who, although he protested he had never in his life used bad language, was fined 5s.

### Miehap to Racing Airman.

M. Pierre Verrier, who left Hendon yesterday for the flying rally at Monaco, had to land at Chateaufort, says a Dijon message, his machine being considerably damaged, but he was not hurt.

## STOCKS AND SHARES.

### Two More New Issues Oversubscribed—Oil Shares Rising.

9, BISHOPSGATE, E.C.

The Stock Markets were rather quieter yesterday, and under the influence of some re-settlement selling prices generally were depressed. Consols fell another 1-16 to 76 7-16. Good features, however, were by no means lacking, prominent among them being Oil shares and South Africans.

Further evidence of the return of the investor to the Stock Exchange is afforded by the latest new issue results. So great was the rush of applications for Queensland's issue of £2,000,000 in 4 per cent. stock at 99 that the lists were closed before mid-day, the amount having been several times oversubscribed.

The lists for the offer of £300,000 in 4 per cent. stock at 92 by the City of Singapore have also been closed, although country applications received by first post to-day will receive consideration. In each case, according to the terms of the prospectuses, the lists could have remained open until Monday.

Ceylon's £1,000,000 loan is understood to have been subscribed eight or nine times over, and large applicants are only receiving 100 per cent. of the amounts for which they applied. The prospectus of the Grand Trunk's issue of £1,500,000 4 per cent. Debenture stock is now before the public.

Oil shares were again to the fore yesterday, and dealers were optimistically suggesting that the long-promised boom is now not far off. North Caucasians were once more the leader of the movement, strong Continental buying on dividend hopes sending the price up rather more than 2s. further to 48s. 10d. The other Grozny shares, New Caucasians, Spies and West Caucasians were also prominent in the advance.

There was no change among Amalgamated Press, Associated Newspaper and Pictorial Newspaper prices.

### TO SAVE THE WORN-OUT HORSE.

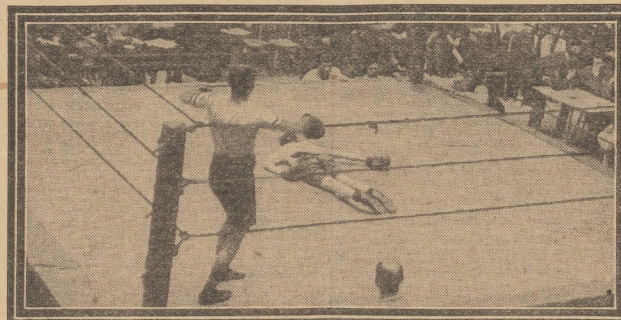
One of the strongest and most pitiable cases for reform ever presented to Parliament.

In these words in the House of Commons yesterday Mr. Walter Long described the facts of the worn-out horse traffic. He was speaking in support of the second reading of Colonel Walker's "Exportation of Horses Bill."

Colonel Walker said the Bill would remove the reproach of having it said by their foreign friends and neighbours that this traffic in decayed horses was the shame of England. Present regulations prevented the exportation of only those horses which were unfit for the sea journey to Belgium, and he advocated their extension to include all animals which are unsightly and unfit for work.

The Bill was read a second time and the House rose.

### PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS IN THE RING.



A knock-out in the public schools boxing championships at Aldershot. Hard hitting was the order of the day.—("Daily Mirror" photograph.)

## The Story of a Woman's Heart.

(Continued from page 11.)

There was a pause, and I saw Miss Esbron looking towards where Robert sat.

"This isn't the first time I have saved you, Robert." Then Robert answered her. "I admit there was no way I could have got this money, Agatha—no way in the world. I never thought you would be able to get it, or that even if you did, you would be willing to risk it with me."

A sudden realisation of what had happened ran through me, I had been forestalled—Miss Esbron had got the money that Robert needed! All my efforts had been useless. For a minute I stood rigid.

Then again Miss Esbron's voice came to me. "Robert, you appreciate what I have done. You see how much I am willing to do for you," she hesitated, "can't you be a little kinder to me?" Her tone was low and intense.

And suddenly the blood tingled in my veins, for beyond the aperture of the door I saw Robert's hand appear—I saw him lay it tenderly and gently on Miss Esbron's arm!

A particularly interesting instalment of this story will appear on Monday.

## TRIUMPH

The scientific construction of the Triumph is the outcome of many years' experience in Motor Cycle production—experience

gathered in the vast Triumph workshops, on the road, and in most strenuous tests of every description.

This means the elimination of weaknesses common to many Motor Cycles, and is the reason of the wide popularity of these world-famed machines.

Triumph Motor Cycles from

£40 to £120.

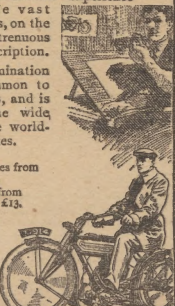
Triumph Cycles from

£6 17s. 6d. to £13.

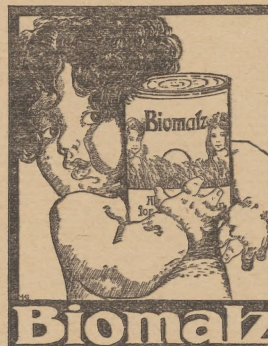
TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD. (Dept. C), COVENTRY.

London, Leeds, Manchester, Glasgow.

Agents Everywhere.



## Votes for Biomalz



### Dr. S . . . . .

I have used the samples of Biomalz, which I find an excellent means of increasing physical energy and improving the general condition. I have noticed especially an obvious improvement in the colour of the complexion, stimulation of the appetite, and increase of body weight.

### Dr. W . . . . .

My wife has taken a course of Biomalz with great advantage. I was particularly gratified to observe a rapid increase of weight, together with a healthy blooming appearance of the complexion.

### Nurse E. S . . . . .

In the course of my professional duties I have had considerable experience of Biomalz, which I have found more satisfactory than any other preparation. On account of my habitual palor I have lately taken Biomalz myself, and am being constantly asked by my friends, "What- ever have you done to improve your complexion so much?" My weight increased 2 lbs. per week during a month's treatment.

### Mrs. D . . . . . (Doctor's Wife):

After five tins of Biomalz there was a very obvious improvement in my appearance. There was a steady improvement in my appetite with consequent increase of weight, and I feel much better in general health than before.

**Indeed:** There are many other preparations to ensure Health, Strength and Beauty, but none is better, none more palatable and more efficacious, than that excellent

## Tonic Food Biomalz

which is highly appreciated all the world over.

It strengthens the body wonderfully. Limp, flabby features disappear, the colour of the face becomes fresher and healthier, the complexion clearer. In the case of persons who have become anemic, pale and thin through malnutrition, the appetite improves to a gratifying degree.

This food will be found better than any medicine or tonic by those run down from overwork, illness or nervous troubles, also for elderly people, expectant and nursing mothers, and anemic children.

Small and large tins at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 3d. Sold by all Chemists.

Insist on having BIOMALZ.

Free Sample of Biomalz sent on receipt of 3d. stamp for postage, etc., by Paternmann Bros., 3, Regent House, Kingsway, London, W.C.

## L. & N.W.R.

## RASTER EXCURSIONS FROM EUSTON and other London Stations.

Date.	To	Fares from
Wednesday 8th April	IRELAND ... ..	5s. 6d.
Wednesday 8th April	BLACKPOOL ... ..	18 0
Wednesday 8th April	PORT ENGLISH LAKE DISTRICT & FURNESS LINE STATIONS.	17 0
Wednesday 8th April	LIVERPOOL & MANCHESTER DISTRICT ... ..	25 9
Thursday 9th April	CARLISLE & SCOTLAND ISLE OF MAN ... ..	26 6
Thursday 9th April	NORTH, SOUTH, and CENTRAL WALES and CAMBRIAN LINE ... ..	17 0
April 9th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 16th & 18th	BIRMINGHAM and SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE DISTRICT	Various See Programme

**WEEK-END TICKETS** to a large number of Holiday Resorts will be issued on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 9th, 10th, and 11th April, available for the return journey any day (except day of issue) up to and including the following Tuesday.

**SATURDAY TO MONDAY TICKETS** issued on Saturday, 11th April, will be available for return on the following Sunday (at or after 6.0 a.m.), Monday, or Tuesday.

On Wednesday, 8th April, a Special Dining Car Express will leave EUSTON at 4.50 p.m. for Liverpool (due 9.0 p.m.) and Fleetwood (due 10.25 p.m.) at ordinary fares.

On Good Friday, 10th April, an Express Train at ordinary fares will leave EUSTON at 5.0 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Shrewsbury, Chester, Manchester, Liverpool, Preston, Windermer, Carlisle, &c.

On Good Friday, 10th, and on Sunday, 12th April, a Special Train at Ordinary Fares will leave EUSTON at 8.50 a.m. calling at Willesden, Harrow, Watford, and all Stations thence to Northampton.

For full information and particulars of Local Excursions obtain Pamphlet at any of the Company's Stations or Town Offices, or write to the Enquiry Office, Euston Station, London, N.W.

ROBERT TURNBULL, General Manager.







# Country Life is Country Life

with

# COUNTRY LIFE Cigarettes

(MEDIUM STRENGTH)

Manufactured from Pure Virginia Tobacco.

10 for 2½ Id. 50 for 1/-

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co., (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

P310



## LONDON AMUSEMENTS.

**ADELPHI**, Strand. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS Musical Production. THE GIRL FROM UTAH. Matinee, TO-DAY, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 2045 and 8886 Ger.

**ALDWICH**—THE EVER OPEN DOOR. To-night, at 8. LAST NIGHT.

**AMBASSADOR'S**. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. TOLSTOY'S GREAT RUSSIAN DRAMA. ANNA KARENINA.

**APOLLO**—2.45, 8.45, CHARLES HAWTREY in "THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW." 8.15 and 8.15. "The Quod Wangle." Mats., Weds. and Sat., at 2.15.

**CRITERION**. To-day, at 3 and 9. "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS," by Cyril Harcourt. Allen Ayresworth, Jollie Venne, Sam Dolben, Edith Bell. At 2.30 and 8.30. "State Secrets." Matinee, Weds. and Sat.

**DALY'S THEATRE**. TO-NIGHT, at 8. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS Production. THE MARRIAGE MARKET. A Musical Play, in 3 Acts. MATINEE, WEDNESDAYS, at 2.

**DRURY LANE**. SEALED ORDERS. At 7.45. Mats., Weds. at 2. Extra Mat., Easter Mon., at 2. Fanny Brugg, Kenneth Douglas, C. M. Hallard. Box-office, Tel. 2588 Gerard.

**DUKE OF YORK'S**. To-day, 2.30 and 8.30. Charles Frohman Presents THE LAND OF PROMISE, by W. Maugham. MATINEE, TO-DAY and EVERY THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 2.30.

**GAIETY**. To-day, 2 and 8.15. Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS New Production. AFTER THE GIRL. Matinee, Every Saturday, at 2. Box-office, 10 to 10.

**GARRICK**—2.45, 8.45, Louis Meyer presents G. WHO'S THE LADY. At 2.15 and 8.15. "The Quaints." Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.45.

**GLOBE**. To-day, 2.15 and 8. OSCAR ASCHKE and LILLY BRAYTON in KISMET, by Edward Knoblauch. MATINEE, WEDS. and SATS., at 2.15.

**HAYMARKET**. WITHIN THE LAW. Today, 3 and 8. Produced by Sir Herbert Tree. 2.30, 8.30. "A Dear Little Wife." Mats., Weds., Thurs., Sat.

**HIS MAJESTY'S**. SATURDAY Next, Ap. 11. PYGMALION, by Bernard Shaw.

**HERBERT TREE**. Mr. PATRICK CAMPBELL. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

**KINGSWAY**.—THE GREAT ADVENTURE, by Arnold Bennett. 2.30, 8.30. Mats., Weds., Sat.

**LYCEUM**.—YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU. Last Two Performances. To-day, at 2.30 and 7.45. Prices, 6d. to 5s. Seats booked from 2s. 6d. Ger. 7817-8.

**LYCEUM**.—WEDNESDAY Next, April 8th, at 8 p.m., and onwards. MR. REMYUM HICKS and MISS ELIZABETH TERRISS and F&P Company, in BROADWAY JONES.

## FITS CURED BY TRENCH'S REMEDY.

The Famous Home Treatment For EPILEPSY and FITS. Recommended by Clergymen of all Denominations. Twenty-five Years' Success. Over 1,000 unsolicited Testimonials in one year.

## CONVINCING TESTIMONY

Has been freely seen in every walk of life. Those interested should write at once. Pamphlet, containing proof positive, post free from TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd., 340, South Frederick Street, Dublin.

**NEW**. 2.30 and 8.15, THE JOY RIDE LADY. Music by JEAN GILBERT. MATS., SATS., at 2.30.

**PRINCE OF WALES**. To-day, 2.30 and 8.45. BROADWAY JONES, by George M. Cohen. Preceded at 8. by "The Model and the Man." MATINEE, TO-DAY (Saturday), at 2.30.

**PRINCES**.—NIGHTLY, at 8. Mats., Wed. and Sat. 2.30. SPECIAL MAT., EASTER MONDAY at 2.30. WALTER HOWARD'S New Romantic Play, THE STORY OF THE ROSARY. Prices, 6d. to 5s. 5595 Ger.

**QUEEN'S**.—Mr. Gaston Mayer presents WALKER WHITESIDE in THE MELTING POT, by Israel Zangwill. Evgs., 8.15. Mat., To-day and Weds. and Sat., 2.30. NOTICE.—Transferring Comedy, April 13th.

**ST. JAMES'S**.—THE TWO VIRTUES. by ALFRED SUTRO. TO-NIGHT, at 9. GEORGE ALEXANDER. MATHEA HEDMAN. At 8.30. "A Social Success," by Max Beerholm. Matinee, Weds., Sat. (except Ap. 4, 8 and 11.), 2.30.

**SAVOY**.—A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM. Produced by GRANVILLE BARKER. Matinee, Wednesdays and Saturdays, at 2.30.

**SHAFTESBURY**.—THE PEARL GIRL. TO-DAY, at 2 and 8. MAT., WEDS. and SATS., at 2.

**STRAND**. To-day, 2.45 and 9. Louis Meyer presents MR. WU, a New Anglo-Chinese Play. MATHEON LANG. LILIAN BRIGHTWATE. 2.15 and 8.30. THE ENTERTAINERS. Mats., Weds. and Sat.

**VAUDEVILLE**, Strand. To-day, at 3 and 9. HELEN WITH THE HIGH HAND, by Richard Fyne. From Arnold Bennett's Novel. At 2.15 and 8.15. THE REST CURE, by G. E. Jennings. Mats., Weds., Sat., at 2.15.

**ALHAMBRA**. KEEP SMILING. Evgs., MAIN STAIRCASE. Varieties, 8.15. Revue, 8.55. Matinee, Every Saturday, 2.15. Reduced prices.

**WYNDHAM'S**. At 2 and 8, DIPLOMACY, by Victorien Sardou. MATS., WEDS., SATS., at 2.

**HIPPODROME**.—Twice daily, at 2.30 and 8 p.m. "HULLO, TANGO!" Ed. Levy, Shirley Kellogg, Harry Tate, Gerald Kirby, Teddie Gerard, Morris Harvey, etc., etc. Box-office, 10 to 10. Tel. 650 Ger.

**HOLBORN EMPIRE**.—Kinemacolor Picture Play, THE WORLD, THE FLESH AND THE DEVIL, a melodrama teeming with human interest. Daily, at 2.30, from Thursday next. 6d. to 5s. Tel. 5567 Holborn.

**PALACE**.—THE MUSIC CURE, by G. BERNARD SHAW, WILKIE BARDE, CHESTERS CAMMIES DE LUXE, NINA GORDON, VIOLET ESSEX, etc. BOAT RACE on the BIOSCOPE. Mats., SAT., at 2. Evgs., 8.

**PALLADIUM**.—6.10 and 9.10. Mon., Wed. and Sat., 2.40, 6.10 and 9.10. SPLASH ME. MA GOSSE, CORAM, BAPTISTA SCHREIBER, JACK PLEASANTS, JACK LORIMER, C. M. BOODE, etc.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**.—GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL (S. and W. London). Two Grand Concerts, 3 and 7. Motor Museum, Skating. "MARRIAGE OF KITTY," 7.45. Return fare and Palace admission, 1s. 6d.

**CRYSTAL PALACE**.—Good Friday. TWO GRAND SACRED CONCERTS at 3.30 and 7.45. Agnes Nicholls, Chris Tubbs, Ada Crossley, Ben Davies, Julien Henry, B. Redford, etc. Seats 7s. 6d. to 1s. Return fare and Palace admission, 1s. 6d.

**MASKELINE & DEVAUT'S MYSTERIES**.—St. George's Hall, Oxford-circus, W. Today, at 3 and 8. (Closed during Holy Week) Always a varied and attractive programme. Seats, 1s. to 5s. 1545 Mayfair.

**SARCA**.—HONOURED by 7 Kings and Queens. Acting, Finabury Park Empire, Sun. 5th, 7.

**FASTER FLYING AT HENDON**.—7th London Air Aviation Meeting, Apr. 9 to 15 (5 days). Eight Air Races and Looping, by Hand. Today (Sat.), at 5 p.m., 9 mile speed contest. 6d., 1s., 2s. 6d.



By Royal Warrant.

**HIGH-GRADE Humber Cycles** with 3-Speeds and Brooks' Saddles cost only £7 10s. EASY PAYMENTS arranged.

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**WONDERFUL** Caves at Chislehurst. Most remarkable remains of ancient British and Roman work in England; miles of passages; Druid Temple, Altar, Well; Open daily, Sundays included (6d.). Buses from Bromley.

## RAILWAYS, SHIPPING, ETC.

**FASTER AT KINGSTOWN**. Delightful sea coast situation. Best centre for Wicklow mountain excursions. Golf, etc. Bracing voyage by mail boat. Guide free. Town Clerk, Dept. F. Kingstown.

**11s. TOUR TO SPAIN**. Accompanied by Mr. GEORGE LUNN. Also 15 Days' Lucerne and Italian Lakes Tour. £8 18s. 6d. GEORGE LUNN'S TOURS, Ltd., 42, Gt. Russell-st. W.C.

## PERSONAL.

**FRED**.—If you wish, come—May. LAVENDER.—Telephone Hornsey S, after 2 o'clock Saturday.

**GEORGE HENRY**.—Would like to see you if still unmarried. Will you come Easter? **EMMERSON**.—Received wire too late; make another appointment.—Mr. Kennington-road.

\* \* The above advertisements are charged at the rate of 4d. per word (minimum 8 words). Trade advertisements in "Personal" Column 8d. per word (minimum 8 words). Address: Advertisement Manager, "Daily Mirror," 25-29, Boulevard, London.

## GARDENING.

**VALUE UNEQUALLED**.—Shilling's lot of high-class Bulbs and Plants are the very best, carefully selected kinds that everyone will grow and will succeed with. 12 Scarlet Begonias ..... 1s. 10 Dbl. White Daisies ..... 1s. 12 White Begonias ..... 1s. 12 Hardy Marguerites ..... 1s. 4 Double Begonias ..... 1s. 12 Canterbury Bells ..... 1s. 12 Giant Gladioli ..... 1s. 12 Coreopsis ..... 1s. 12 Sweet Williams ..... 1s. 20 Pink Gladioli ..... 1s. 20 Mixed Gladioli ..... 1s. 12 Tiger Lilies ..... 1s. 6 Hardy Geraniums ..... 1s. 12 Japanese Iris ..... 1s. 12 Scabell Geum ..... 1s. 12 Pansies ..... 1s. 36 Ranunculus ..... 1s. 20 Iceland Poppies ..... 1s. 20 Pongelias ..... 1s. 12 Anemones ..... 1s. 12 Dbl. Hollyhocks ..... 1s. 12 Columbine ..... 1s. 12 Polyanthus Primroses ..... 1s. 6 Climbing Hops ..... 1s. 6 Virginian Creepers ..... 1s. 10 Golden Rods ..... 1s. 2 Standard Roses ..... 1s. 50 Dbl. Red Daisies ..... 1s.

All extra strong. Bloom this season, and sent carriage paid as follows:—Any 1 lot 1s., any 3 lots 2s. 10d., any 6 lots 5s. 6d., or any 12 lots 10s. 6d.—C. R. Shilling, 9, The Nurseries, Wincoburn, Hants.

**GLORIOUS** Begonias, Half Price.—80,000 monster bulbs to be cleared at half usual cost: scarlet, red, rose, white, orange, yellow, or mixed; Singles, gigantic flowered, 25, 2s. 5d.; 5s. 9d.; 10s. 7s.; Doubles, double as a rose, 25, 2s. 9d.; 5s. 9d.; 10s. 9s.; with full culture notes and bargain catalogue.—Dutch Bulb Supply Co., Dept. 12, Ipswich.

**ANÆMIA POORNESS OF BLOOD**  
LOSS OF COLOUR, ETC.

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M.P.s Give Mr. Asquith an Enthusiastic Send Off: Pictures.

THE MOST POPULAR ANNUAL IS "DAILY MIRROR REFLECTIONS" BY W. K. HASELDEN. 6d.

# The Daily Mirror

LATEST CERTIFIED CIRCULATION MORE THAN 800,000 COPIES PER DAY.

ACCIDENT TO MOTORIST WHO HAS A REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM DEATH: PICTURE.

## THEIR MAJESTIES AT PRINCESS MAUD'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.



Princess Maud, the Princess Royal's younger daughter, came of age yesterday, and a party was given in her honour at Portman-square, her mother's London residence. Among the guests were the King and Queen, her uncle and aunt, who are seen leaving the house. With them were Princess Mary, and two of the young princes.

## QUEEN AS A PEASANT.



Queen Augusta Victoria, King Manoel's consort, wearing the costume of a Portuguese peasant girl. It was a wedding gift. The picture was taken at their residence, Fulwell Park, Richmond.

## NEWS PORTRAITS.

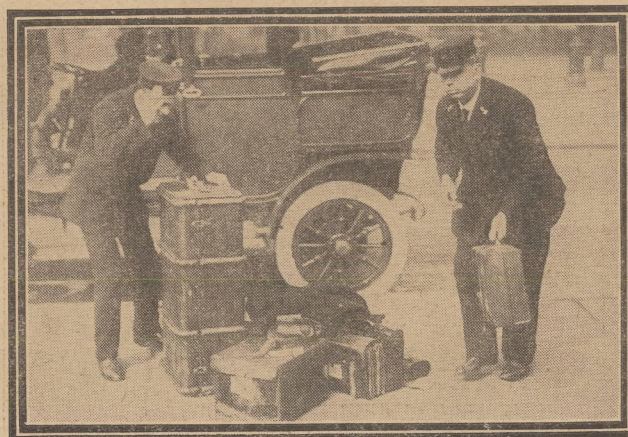


Gertrude Hopper, of Scarborough, who said she was attacked in a train. The chief constable states she admits her story to be untrue.



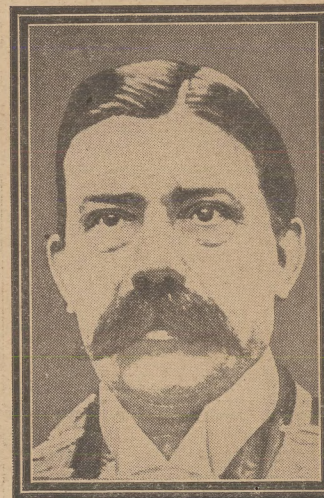
Mrs. Prevost, of Bethnal Green, who was awarded £564 damages for the loss of her husband.—(Underwood.)

## ARE THEY TORIES? MR. CHURCHILL'S TRIP.



These men do not seem to like the task of handling Mr. Churchill's luggage. The picture was taken at Charing Cross Pier, where the First Lord embarked on the Admiralty barge for Sheerness after seeing Mr. Asquith off to Fife.

## GERMAN SPY SENTENCED.



Frederick Adolphus Gould, who confessed to being a German spy. He was sentenced to six years' penal servitude at the Old Bailey yesterday.